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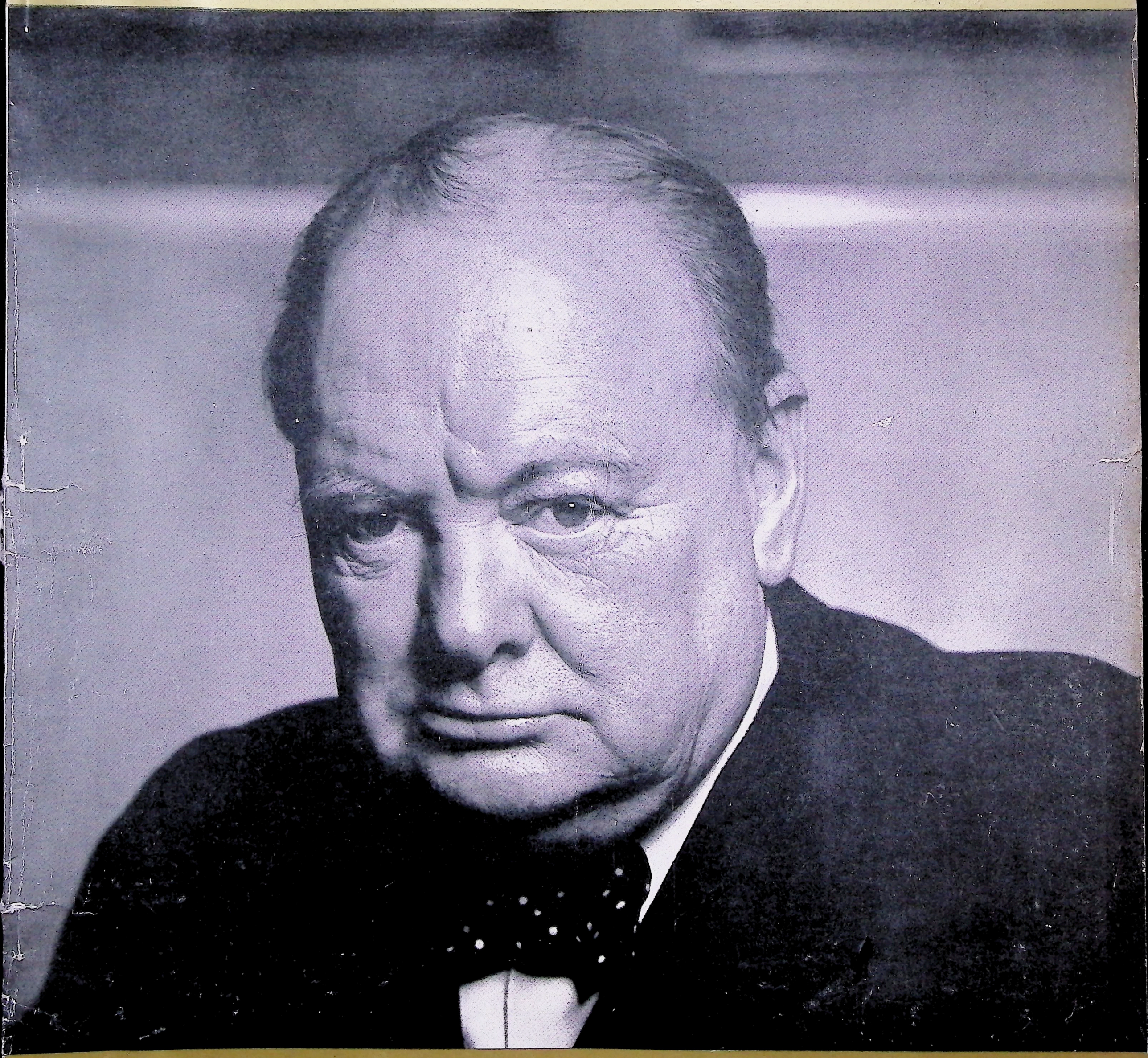
THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA



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WISDOM is excellent in format and content!
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WISDOM presents that rare phenomenon—the perfect magazine!
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I read through WISDOM very carefully. You are to be congratulated on this significant publication.
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I read WISDOM with considerable interest. I am very much in sympathy with the aims of your undertaking.
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Sir:
WISDOM is an excellent magazine and everyone should know about it.
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WISDOM is an excellent publication with an outstanding group of contributing writers.
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I have read WISDOM with a great deal of interest and have brought it to the attention of the members of our faculty, our librarian and the student body.
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In plain everyday words, WISDOM is without doubt the most wonderful magazine I have ever read! I found it beautiful and inspiring. Finished it the first evening at home, and sat down and read it again the next night, and loved it even more!
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WISDOM is the kind of magazine intelligent Americans find irresistible.
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WISDOM is an unforgettable reading experience. The editorial accomplishment is everywhere superb.
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With WISDOM you have given us a world of perfect beauty in which to live.
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Sir:
Seldom has a magazine been more enthusiastically received and read by all the members of my large family than WISDOM. Thank you for chasing out of our minds the longing for trivial and transient reading matter and bringing us the true and abiding riches of the world's wisdom!
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I think WISDOM is splendid, and congratulate you on the inception of such a fine magazine.
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Sir:
WISDOM is superb!
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Sir:
You certainly deserve the highest praise for the wonderful job that you have done on WISDOM. You are making a wonderful contribution to the people of our country.
MARTIN S. STOLZOFF
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Sir:
So small are our minds, and so limited our knowledge, that we complain that we do not understand many things. WISDOM sets our feet on the great rock of knowledge that our minds will be opened.
VERA HACKETT
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Sir:
WISDOM is a wonderfully stimulating and comforting magazine. Never have I read a magazine that contained in so brief a space so much sound and engaging human wisdom. We have read it many times with increasing profit.
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A giant of a magazine! WISDOM compresses between two covers more information on more subjects than has ever before been brought together in one magazine. In my opinion, there is no substitute for WISDOM.
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Sir:
WISDOM is a brilliant new adventure into knowledge. Unusual in scope and bold in its presentation, it is a magazine which heralds a new era in American journalism.
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Sir:
WISDOM is making publishing history! Absorbing, illuminating, and permanently valuable, it is the most timely and daring publication which any publisher has ventured in a generation. Bravo to WISDOM's Editors for making the fund of human wisdom available, for the first time in magazine history, to every person. Now the riches of wisdom are available to all who have the intelligence to take them.
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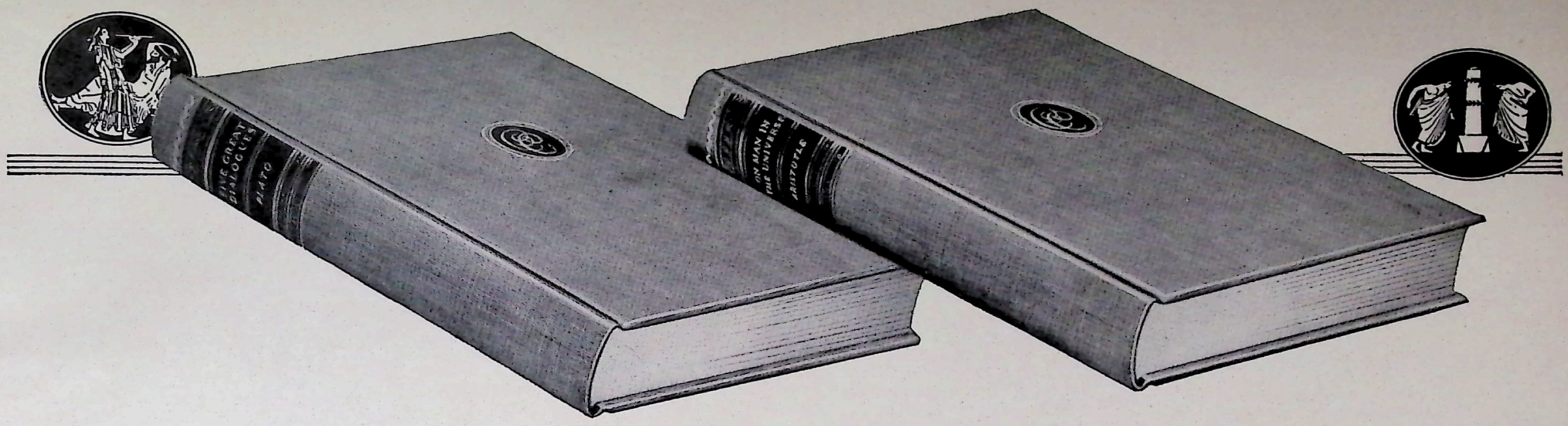

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ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

WILLIAM CONDRY is a co-editor of "Nature in Wales," a journal of the West Wales Field Society. With his wife, he lives in a cottage in the Welsh mountains and divides his time between teaching and writing about natural history. "Thoreau," from which we have selected "Nature's Disciple," © 1954 by Philosophical Library, enthuses readers to vicariously trek through the woods and share Thoreau's finds.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU was a naturalist who never used a trap or a gun. The birds came at his call, animals loved him and fish swam unafraid into his hand. To other men harassed by their industry Thoreau seemed a solitary figure, lonely for he never married, austere for he never ate flesh or drank wine. He supported himself with 27 cents a week. He left his wealth for others to inherit—his "Walden" and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," from which the article "Silence" has been selected.

NORMAN CORWIN has written "Stolen: Thunder" expressly for WISDOM. Dynamic writing is Mr. Corwin's stock in trade, having won him the Bok Medal "for distinguished services to radio," the Peabody Award, a grant by the American Academy of Arts & Letters, Page One Award, Wendell Wilkie One World Flight Award, Metropolitan Opera Award, a Freedom Foundation Honor Medal and the first award for Radio and TV by the National Conference of Christian and Jews. He is a fashioner of brilliant and beautiful prose and is an exponent of realistic ideals. In his article is the turbulence of Zeus himself when he calls for his thunderbolts only to find them stolen from his Olympian stronghold.

THOMAS CRAVEN'S major interest has been the criticism and history of art. "Van Gogh: Painter in Fury," is from his work "Modern Art," © 1934 by Simon & Schuster. Mr. Craven's essay "Have Painters Minds?" written in 1927 stirred up more controversy than any other article on art ever published in this country.

PAUL HORGAN has said that his book on the Rio Grande "Great River," © 1954, was in the making since 1915. As a small boy he wanted to depict "the spirit behind the image of man so small and so great, so various and so tenacious, against the river empire." "Women on the Frontier," has been selected by the Editors of Wisdom from Mr. Horgan's two-volume work, published by Rinehart & Co.

MARGARET A. RIBBLE, who has written "The Rights of Infants," received her M. D. from Cornell. She began her work in psychiatry at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital and left there to become a Commonwealth Fellow in Psychiatry in Vienna from 1930 to 1934. "The Self Emerges" is an article from her book, "The Personality of the Young Child," © 1955 by Columbia University Press, which draws on her extensive experience with children from the toddler to the preschool age.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS contends that "Novels Are Historical," in an article selected from "The Saturday Review Reader," © 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc. His works include "Come Spring," "House Divided," "Leave Her to Heaven," "The Strange Woman" and "Thread of Scarlet."

CHARLES EADE is one of Britain's best-known newspapermen. He has been editor of the *London Sunday Dispatch* since 1938 and is a director of Associated Newspapers Ltd., which owns the *London Daily Mail* and *Evening News* and a string of provincial dailies. At the personal request of Winston Churchill he went to India, Burma and Ceylon to act as Public Relations Adviser to Admiral Lord Mountbatten. His article "Winston Churchill" is excerpted from "Churchill by His Contemporaries," © 1953 by Simon & Schuster. Mr. Eade was also responsible for the organzation and establishment of the public relations service and the radio and newspaper service throughout the Southeast Asia Command.

W. W. SAWYER was head of the Leicester College of Technology mathematics department until 1947, when he became associated at the University College of the Gold Coast. "Mathematics Is What You Make It," is from his book, "Mathematician's Delight," © 1943 by Penguin Books. He has also lectured at Canterbury University College, Christchurch, N. Z., and has been a member of the Visual Aids and the Modern Schools Committees of the Mathematical Association.

ART BUCHWALD'S humor encompasses the likely and unlikely. It marks his written impressions with the twinkle of the eyes with which he sees and observes. "Parlez-Vous English?" is from his book "Art Buchwald's Paris," © 1954 by Art Buchwald, published by Little, Brown & Co., in association with the Atlantic Monthly Press. And verily, while he is there, Paris is reappraised.

JOSHUA LOTH LIEBMAN was the rabbi of Temple Israel, Boston. "God's Greatest Gift" has been drawn from his book, "Peace of Mind," © 1946, and published by Simon & Schuster. The author was a preacher with many years of experience in helping people help themselves.

JACQUES BARZUN, born in Cretail, France, graduated from Columbia College in 1927 and became an American citizen six years later. "Is Baseball Greek?" is selected from his book "God's Country and Mine," subtitled "A Declaration of Love, Spiced with a Few Harsh Words," © 1954 by Jacques Barzun, published by Little, Brown & Co., in association with the Atlantic Monthly Press. He analyzes American life today and those qualities that make it unique.

BERNARD SHORE'S article "The Man Who Was Music" is taken from his book "Sixteen Symphonies," © 1949 by Longmans, Green & Co. Mr. Shore has also written, "The Orchestra Speaks."

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, a Protestant minister who has authored many inspirational best-sellers, is also the Editor-in-Chief of *Guideposts,* from which we have selected "We Cannot Help Praying," © 1953 by Guideposts Associates, Inc. Dr. Peale's best-known work is "The Power of Positive Thinking."

R. M. MAC IVER has a distinguished academic record at Edinburgh University, Oxford, Aberdeen University, University of Toronto, Barnard College and Columbia University. During World War I he served as vice-chairman of the Canada War Labor Board. Various universities, including Columbia, Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Edinburgh have conferred honorary degrees upon him. "Knowledge and Wisdom" is from his book "The Pursuit of Happiness," © 1955 by Simon & Schuster. His other works include "The Web of Government," "The Ramparts We Guard" and "Democracy and the Economic Challenge."

ESTHER SCHOUR is executive secretary and faculty member of the Child Welfare Program, Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis. Previously she was active with the Child Welfare League of America. "Parents Get a Second Chance" is from "Child Study," published by the Child Study Association, © 1954. A child's development, says the author, is a continuous and flexible process offering parents many chances to compensate for earlier "mistakes."

HAL STEBBINS, advertising executive, publishers' consultant and a writer famed for his ability to say much in little, is the author of "A Dictionary for Moderns," © 1956. WISDOM readers find continued delight in his new meanings for words.

BLANCHE STILLSON writes with an allusive style on her study of the flight of insects, birds and men. "Men and Wings" is a selection from her book, "Wings," © 1954 by Bobbs-Merrill Co. Her research in the field of natural history, archeology, geology and paleontology gleaned interesting highlights on the taken-for-granted miracles of the world we inhabit.

HANS CHRISTIAN ADAMSON was chief of the USAAF Personnel Narrative Office during the last war. "No Candles on the Cake," is from his book "Keepers of the Light," © 1955 by Greenberg: Publisher. He directed the collection and writing of all the human interest history of the Army Air Forces in all theatres of World War II. His works include an authorized biography "Eddie Rickenbacker," "Lands of New World Neighbors" and "Hellcats of the Sea."

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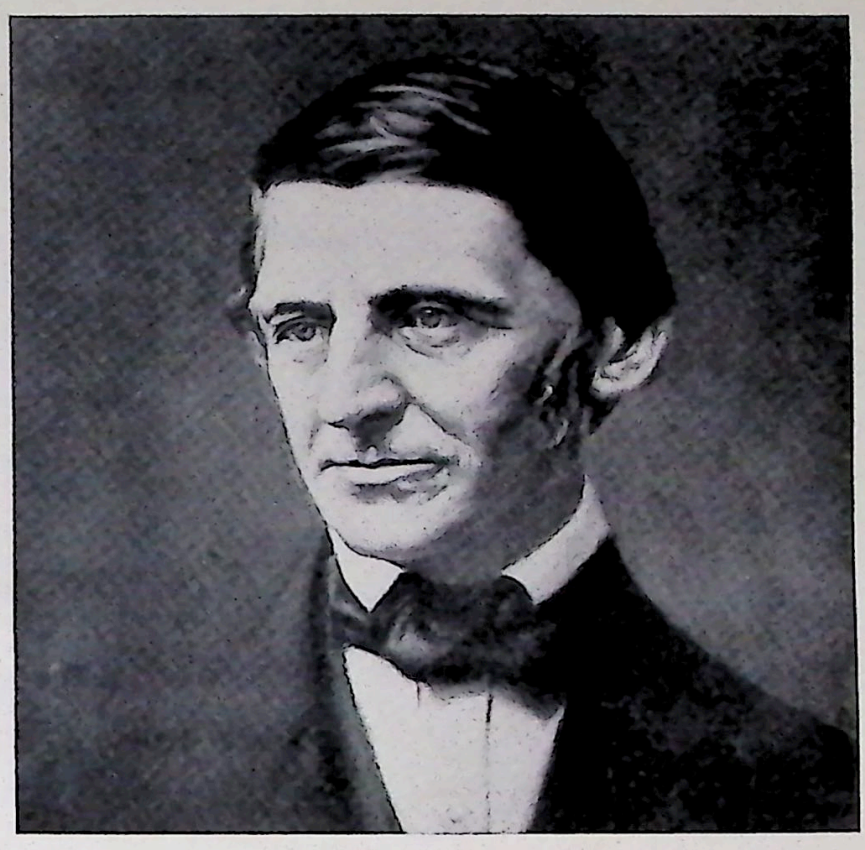
Invitation TO UNDERSTANDING

by Frederick Mayer



History is the biography of greatness.
—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Emerson was one of the most influential thinkers in American history. A non-conformist, he believed in the powers of the individual and he fought all his life against the gospel of mediocrity. In his Phi Beta Kappa speech he called for an intellectual Declaration of Independence. To Emerson, man and nature were one and both represented the spiritual powers of the universe. He emphasized the importance of self-reliance, of living on a high plane so that man could realize his creative possibilities.

What impressed Emerson in history was not the force of economic circumstance, but the *power of personality*. What mattered was not the wealth of a nation or its technological resources, but its capacity to create great men. Was not Protestantism a reflection of Luther, Methodism the embodiment of Wesley, and Greek philosophy an expression of Plato's genius? Did not the founding fathers leave an indelible stamp upon American history? In a memorable phrase Emerson said: "Man hopes, genius creates."

Many of us are blinded by the appeals of pessimism. Thus, we feel that life is an exercise in futility and that our efforts will end in vanity. The example of great men like Emerson should imbue us with a fervent faith in the possibilities of humanity. It should kindle a divine spark within us. Man is not finished—he has just begun; *history is not a journey in darkness but an invitation to creativity. True greatness is man's anticipation of immortality.* It indicates that we are not limited by biology and by the brevity of our existence, and that if our dreams are strong enough they will become true. A tremendous reservoir exists within each one of us.

We should not make the mistake of idolizing greatness and thus become uncritical disciples. We should not feel that knowledge can be obtained only by studying the past and by regarding our own age as a footnote to other centuries. We must learn how to live in the *present* and how to utilize our own resources.

History teaches us that greatness has no frontiers and no geographic dimensions. It can flourish in a wealthy mansion as well as in a slum section. It includes all races and all nationalities. A great man is a symbol of cosmopolitanism. He belongs not to one nation or one civilization but to humanity. When he dies his spirit lives, for the spark which created his genius and which illuminated his search is immortal.

It may be stated that such greatness is beyond the achievement of the average individual. What can he contribute amidst the pressure of daily routine? What can he do when he has so little time for creative pursuits? How can he make a permanent contribution when his outlook is limited? The answer is that we *all* have sources of greatness within us. We may not be profound thinkers or outstanding artists or expert scientists, but we may be excellent in human relations. *To learn how to live in peace with ourselves, our neighbors, and with God—that is man's paramount achievement.*

Greatness then is a perpetual defiance of the immediate and an unending search for the universal element in man. ♦

A lake is the landscape's

most beautiful

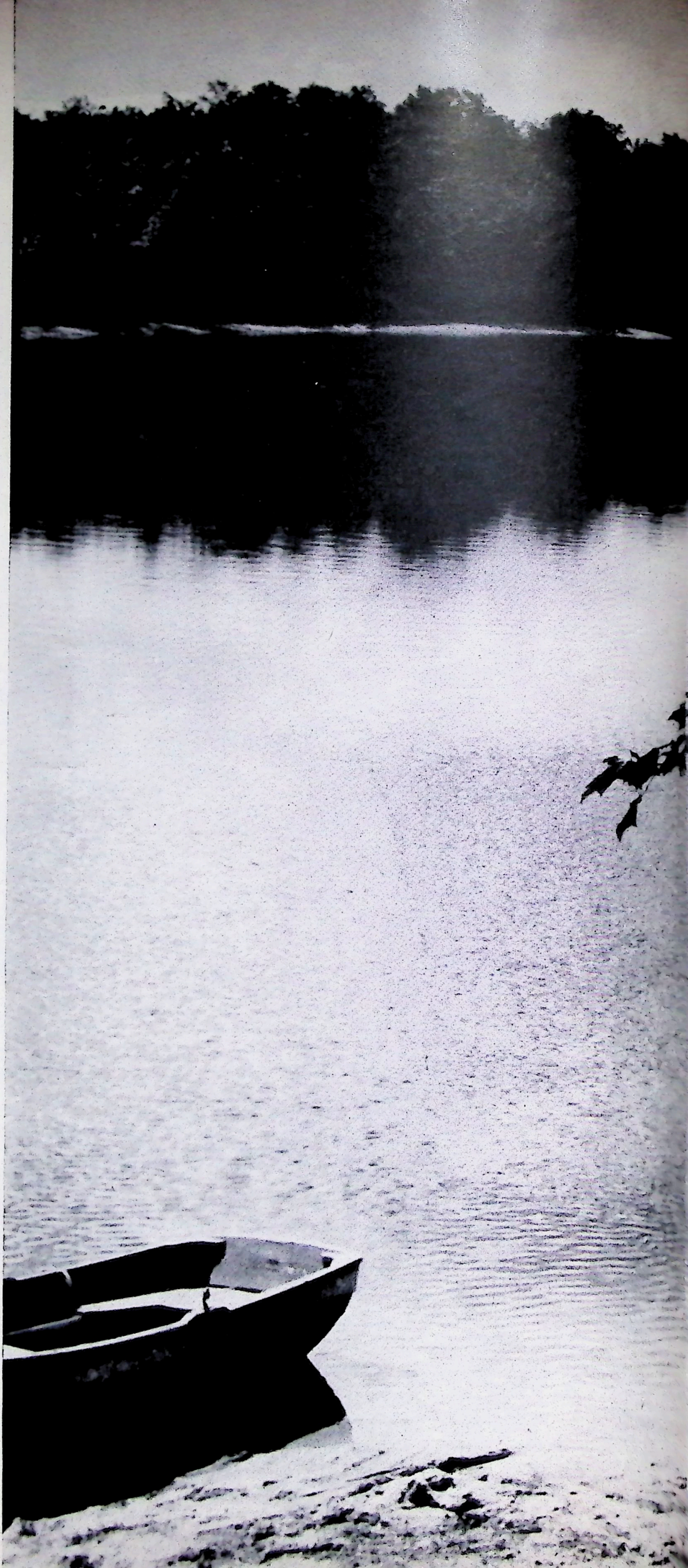
and expressive feature.

It is earth's eye; looking

into which the beholder

measures the depth

of his own nature.



WALDEN POND

NATURE'S DISCIPLE

by William Condry

"The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it, and flood the parched uplands."
Thoreau: Walden.

"My good friend Henry Thoreau made his else solitary afternoon sunny with his simplicity and clear perception." So Emerson wrote in his journal on February 17, 1838. All afternoon they had been together in Emerson's garden, Emerson evidently leaning back and listening for once.

Henry was a great talker when encouraged, and there were some subjects about which he could teach Emerson: Red Indians, for instance, and their remains about Concord, Canadian fur-traders, and the history of the early settlers in New England. But above all there was nature. Not nature in the abstract which Emerson and Carlyle wrote so much about, but the tangible world of earth, rock and air, of plant, animal and man.

It was this interest in the study of natural history which was to distinguish him more and more from his intellectual friends as time went on. He now began the habit of noting everything in his journal, on his walks alone in the Concord countryside. It was a habit which Emerson would have liked to follow: "If life were long enough," Emerson wrote, "among my thousand and one works would be a book of nature... It should contain the natural history of the woods around my shifting camp for every month in the year. It should tie their astronomy, botany, physiology, meteorology, picturesque, and poetry together. No bird, no bug, no bud, should be forgotten on his day and hour."

But Emerson was a committed man, a man with a mission to fulfill and a program of writing and lectures to follow. Natural history could never be more than a casual hobby for him. In any case he had not that flair for it which Henry so obviously possessed, and which Emerson soon recognized must be the core of whatever original contribution Thoreau was destined to make to thought or literature.

Emerson saw in Thoreau qualities which singled Henry out at once as "*the* man of Concord." Emerson was more learned, more traveled, more the man of the world.

But Henry was to take pride in having "traveled much in Concord." He held that much intimacy with one small neighborhood taught a man more about the world than much kaleidoscopic globe-trotting. He could see no point in going "half-way round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar."

My 'best' room . . .

my withdrawing room,

always ready for company,

on whose carpet

the sun rarely fell,

was the pine wood

behind my house.

He reckoned it quite untrue that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, "so similar are the lives of men in all countries, and fraught with the same homely experiences."

Henry became a haunter of winding lanes which ended as deserted paths and led him by way of empty farms and neglected orchards, across Concord's lean meadows, away to the woods and ponds.

He followed the banks of the Musketaquid—he preferred the Indian name of the slow-pulsed Concord river—as it crept through oak-scattered meads where cranberry grew like a moss, and willows, maples and alders, tangled with grape-vines, struggled for the light with tall chestnuts and pines.

Everything in nature absorbed him now—fish, mammals, insects, birds, flowers, trees—he bent on all his concentrated attention, filling his notebooks with the observations of a careful eye and an original mind. He approached nature sensuously, and was sensuously thrilled by her. Not for him the objective, specialized, scientific approach.

He lay a long time by the river watching muskrats and fish, learned how to reach down and take a pout from its nest or caress a bream, and waded in the muddy water to pull out turtles by their flippers. He described flying-squirrels, the hatching of tortoise eggs, the notes of owls. He knew the meanderings of streams, the formation of landscape. Everything linked up, therefore nothing could be ignored without serious loss.

In winter he had the countryside to himself. "Yesterday," he wrote, "I skated after a fox over the ice. Occasionally he sat on his haunches and barked at me like a young wolf...While I skated directly after him, he cantered at the top of his speed, but when I stood still, though his fear was not abated, some strange inflexible law of his nature caused him to stop also, and sit again on his haunches."

Or he trudged through the snows to be rewarded by unexpected delights: "All the fountains of nature seem to be sealed up. The traveler is frozen on his way. But under the edge of yonder birch-wood will be a little flock of crimson-breasted lesser redpolls, busily feeding on the seeds of the birch and shaking down the powdery snow...What a rich contrast! Tropical colors, crimson breasts, on cold white snow! Such etherealness, such delicacy in their forms, such ripeness in their colors, in this stern and barren season!"

There were occasions enough when Thoreau could echo Carlyle and speak of "the divine mystery of the universe" or "the deepest deeps of beauty" and so Emerson had every reason to see in him a model Transcendental disciple.

Under Emerson's roof Henry enjoyed a breathing-space between the end of his brief teaching spell and the time when he would have to decide what he was to do with his life. Two years of putting off this painful decision were also two years of deepening ideas, widening experience and increasing acquaintanceship with the natural history of Concord.

What calling to follow? His deepest yearnings were for a wild and free life. He felt that by forcing himself into an uncongenial occupation he would be false to his ideals. The latent strength of his character would only develop in bodily and mental freedom.

In his journal he had written: "Not by constraint and severity shall you have access to true wisdom, but by abandonment, and child-like mirthfulness."

Thoreau wanted a change from talk and theory. He wanted to think and work alone, so that he might at last "drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms" in order to weigh its essential meaning. He wanted to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life. ♦

SILENCE

by Henry David Thoreau

As the truest society approaches always nearer to solitude, so the most excellent speech finally falls into Silence. Silence is audible to all men, at all times, and in all places. She is when we hear inwardly. Sound is when we hear outwardly. Creation has not displaced her, but is her visible framework and foil.

All sounds are her servants and purveyors, proclaiming not only that their mistress is, but is a rare mistress, and earnestly to be sought after. They are so far akin to Silence that they are but bubbles on her surface, which straightway burst, an evidence of the strength and prolificness of the under-current—a faint utterance of Silence. Then they are only agreeable to our auditory nerves when they contrast themselves with and relieve the former. In proportion as they do this, and are heighteners and intensifiers of the Silence, they are harmony and purest melody.

Silence is the universal refuge, the sequel to all dull discourses and all foolish acts, a balm to our every chagrin as welcome after satiety as after disappointment. It is that background which the painter may not daub, be he master or bungler, and which, however awkward a figure we may have made in the foreground, remains ever our inviolable asylum where no indignity can assail, no personality disturb us.

The orator puts off his individuality and is then most eloquent when most silent. He listens while he speaks, and is a hearer along with his audience. Who has not hearkened to her infinite din? She is Truth's speaking-trumpet, the sole oracle, the true Delphi and Dodona, which kings and courtiers would do well to consult, nor will they be balked by an ambiguous answer. For through her all revelations have been made and just in proportion as men have consulted her oracle within, they have obtained a clear insight, and their age has been marked as an enlightened one.

But as often as they have gone gadding abroad to a strange Delphi and her mad priestess, their age has been dark and leaden. Such were garrulous and noisy eras, which no longer yield any sound, but the Grecian or silent and melodious era is ever sounding and resounding in the ears of men. ♦

STOLEN: THUNDER

We have disciplined our ears to accept the heavy noises of our time, such as diesel trucks groaning nightlong on the freeways, jets blistering the air, the blatt of locomotive horns, the blare of TV commercials, and the wanton amplification of speech and music. But there is one sound conspicuously missing from our routine: the thunderous Phrase. Like the natural thunderbolts of Southern California, only one or two of them occur per year, and then only in the mountains.

Now and then, when I dip into those massive reservoirs of thunder on everyone's shelf—the Bible and Shakespeare—I wonder what on earth has happened to impassioned language, to the puissant sentence, the vivid image, the epigram, the riposte (sharpest edges ever honed), to the long throw of hyperbole, to the polemic that explodes like Krakatoa.

Are they old-fashioned? Do they belong to the wrecks and monuments of antiquity? Have they no place on the market? Are they highbrow and effete? Why does contemporary poetry, the last reserve of the Phrase, sell so badly that Archibald MacLeish, in all his years, will never approach a ten-thousandth part of the circulation of Micky Spillane?

There was a day, not long ago, when a novelist left no page unmarked by the imprint of a phrase that would snap your head as you went by. *Moby Dick* is hardly three sentences old, before Ishmael is saying:

> *Whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul...*

And in his first description, less than a paragraph beyond, Melville writes:

> *There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes,*
> *belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral*
> *reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf.*

Lord knows ours is not a dull generation nor an inarticulate one: we have fine playwrights and at least one great novelist and a dozen poets who could play on anybody's varsity, and we have a public that supports the theater at $8.80 a seat, and book-buyers who can so bullishly patronize a title that its purchase price for movies soars to half-a-million dollars. But in all this boil and bubble of culture and economics, the phrase still has no real haven. Shakespeare is lucky to last three weeks on Broadway. Maxwell Anderson has abandoned verse drama. The wavelengths bristle with tight television dramas of the psychological dangers of having a mother and father.

I am not one of those who argue that Hammerstein's

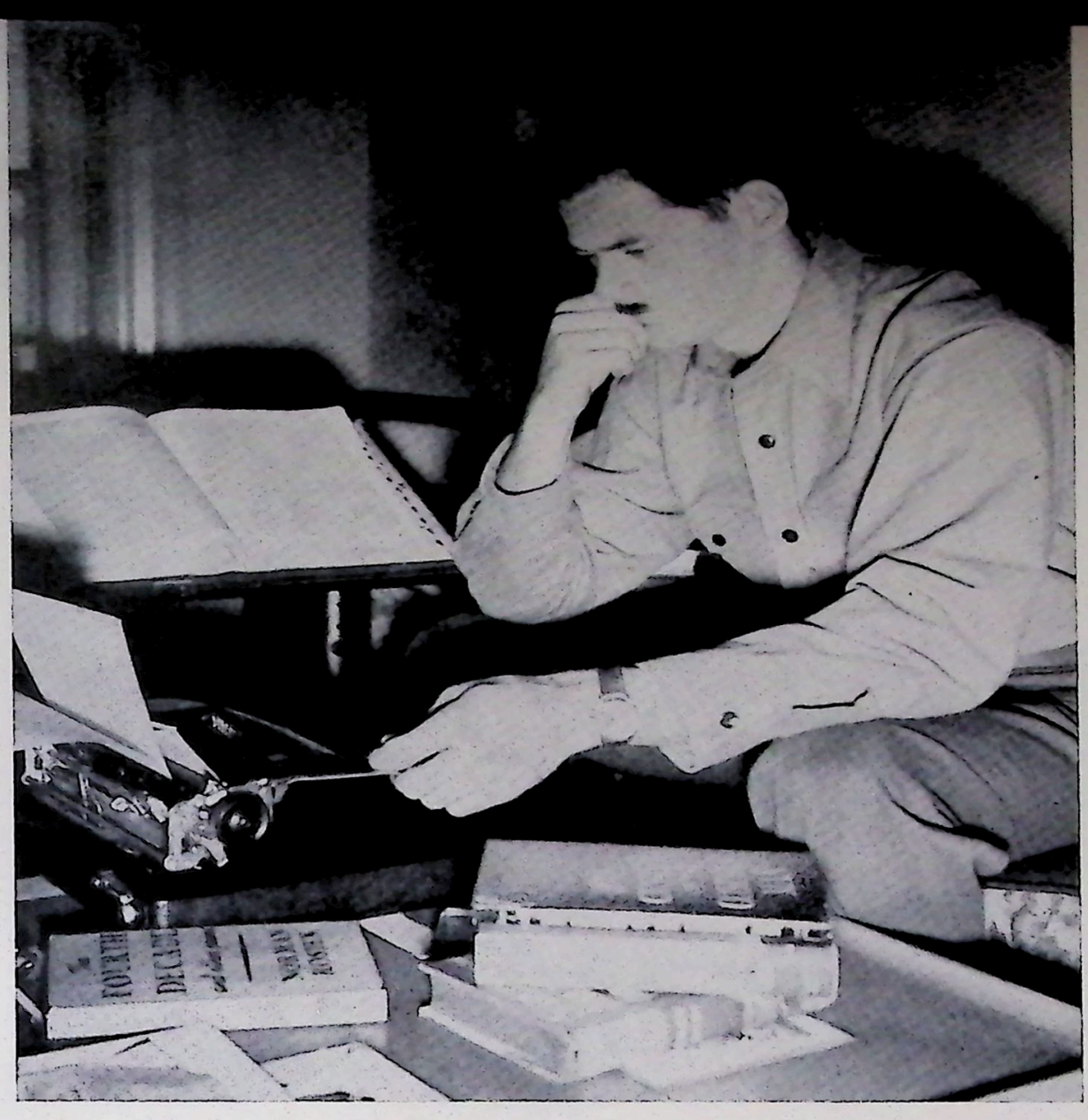
> *Oh, what a beautiful morning*
> *Oh, what a beautiful day*
> *I've got a beautiful feeling*
> *Everything's going my way*

is any less poetic and phraseworthy than Browning's

> *The year's at the spring*
> *And day's at the morn;*
> *Morning's at seven ...*
> *... God's in his heaven*
> *All's right with the world!*

Each has indigenous charm and beauty, each its own sphere of influence. But does *Oklahoma* play for five years on the basis of its clean and lissome lines alone, or because of its music, dancing, lyrics and everything else combined? And does Hammerstein's blessedly simple statement of euphoria come within the compass of what we choose to call, in the present frame of reference, heightened language?

The truth is that sinewy language has become suspect. Most editors, producers and entrepreneurs keep vigil against it. Unless a phrase of any power is couched in colloquial and conventional terms, unless it scrupulously avoids any glimmer of eloquence, it is banished as "purple". If Lincoln had never existed, and a



by Norman Corwin

present-day college student were to submit an historical essay beginning

> *Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal...*

he would very likely be given a low mark for redundant and stilted prose. "*Fourscore and seven?*" What's the matter with 87—good, sharp, angular number, and no folderol about it. "*Our fathers?*" Let's not be sentimental: say the colonists, the Revolution, the Thirteen States. "*Brought forth?*" Quaint. Say established. "*Conceived in liberty?*" Fancy. Say based upon principles of liberty. "*Dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal?*" Some readers may not understand that usage. Proposition means to them an offer of marriage, or at least the suggestion of an amatory attachment—or else it means an offer of terms for a business transaction. But to link it with the idea of all men being created equal is risky, and shades toward purple. Better play safe, take no chance of shooting over the reader's head.

More than editors and entrepreneurs are to blame for this kind of thinking. Actors are culpable too. Not the eager, hard-working new generations of actors, but the complacent "arrived" ones. They tend to be lazy, insisting that lines and phrases be reduced to their own intellectual and linguistic capacities. Often they complain to directors that a speech "does not feel right," that they are not "comfortable" with a certain word or phrase, as though it were the highest function of the playwright to cushion actors with the familiar and expected.

As often as not, when the phrase of a competent writer does not "feel" right to an actor, it is an admission of the actor's ignorance, his fear of challenge, or his low artistic ceiling—sometimes all of these combined. In the theater he is generally told to put up or shut up, for the author has formidable rights and powers there. But in films, the star system being in force, it is the line and not the actor's mind that gets changed. An excellent specimen of a collision between a cement-brained actress, and Victor Hugo as playwright, is recorded stenographically in Louis Biancolli's excellent compilation *Great Conversations*, which see. Hugo won.

The public, if given half a chance, would go far to hear the kind of thunder that has been stolen from them. Bernard Shaw's *Don Juan in Hell* indicated how thirsty people are for rich language framed in even the barest showmanship. Considering how busily and tirelessly the entrepreneurs de-emphasize "purple" writing and iambic pentameter in the theater and elsewhere, the few Shakespearean films have had remarkably good audiences.

The Phrase has retreated to the fringes of journalism, politics and humor, and has almost left literature entirely—all except the dwindling cadre of serious poets who have to support themselves as doctors or teachers or librarians, and who are lucky to sell 500 copies of a book of good verse in this nation of 170 million.

Whatever one's feelings may be about Pegler and Winchell and Ruark, they are phrase-makers, and deserve tribute for helping to keep the language alive. Some sports writers have the gift and use it frequently—Red Smith for one, Stanley Woodward, and Heywood Broun both during and after his stretch on the sports desk. Will Rogers had it to a great extent. Some critics have it—alas, now and then to the exclusion of other talents more useful and important to their portfolios.

Politically the mighty or compelling phrase is extremely valuable, for it can have the sticking power of a slogan—and that's hay in election years. Ask Churchill. Adlai Stevenson aroused in many of his aficionados early hopes that he was another Lincoln, at least partly on the strength of his felicity with phrases.

A degrading settled habitat of the Phrase is Madison Avenue,

where it lives in a penthouse and works for advertising agencies. Here it is put to the work of hypnotizing multitudes until it can be burbled by children in their sleep: *So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed!... Ask The Man Who Owns One... Men of Distinction... What'll You Have?... Be Kind to Your T-Zone...*

Nothing purple *there.*

It is not as though the strong phrase-makers were highbrows or narrow, intellectual and snobbish. Then one could better understand aversion to their so-called purple. But noble sentiment, or thunderous language or exalted statement can come only from authors of considerable dimension. Nobody would think of calling Jesus Christ a highbrow, yet his phrases are among the loftiest in the language: even the simplest of them:

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky,
but can ye not discern the signs of the times?

What therefore God hath joined together
let not man put asunder.

Was the author of *Job* an arid intellectual? Would an editor or producer of a religious program on television accept from a new staff writer the following purple astronomical passage:

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of
Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?...
canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

Would the producer permit a description of a horse to get mixed up in a theosophical discussion—or if he did, would he allow his writer to soar over the heads of his Trendex-rated audience with this kind of language:

Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible...

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage...

He saith among the trumpets, Ha ha...

What? The glory of his *nostrils?* What's glorious about nostrils, Clarence—unless you're speaking of Greta Garbo's? And how can glory be terrible? Also how is the public going to understand "he *swalloweth* the ground?" They'll think it means grazing. Does it, by the way? But above all, Clarence, what's this about the horse saying among the trumpets "*Ha ha?*" This is not a comedy program, friend, and if I get another script like this, you'd better look for a job with Caedmon Records.

Naturally the kind of phrase that makes the loudest thunder is the hortatory, and in our generation this has suffered a miserable decline. World War I produced a few fair ones:

Hock the Kaiser!

Remember the Lusitania!

We Won't Be Back Till It's Over Over There!

but the last war offered meagre pickings:

Geronimo!

Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition!

both being relatively self-conscious, and not having the popular ring of the earlier phrases.

Yet at our modern best we are amateurs, mere children when compared to the thunderbolt-hurlers of the Old Testament. Leaf through *Isaiah* at random and you'll be rewarded by some of the most powerful and exalted exhortations in all literature:

Howl, O gate; cry, O city
Thou art melted away, O Philistia, all of thee:
For there cometh a smoke out of the north,
And none standeth aloof at his appointed times.

and the sublime

Ho Ariel, Ariel, the city where David encamped!
Add year to year; let the feasts come round...

and the burning brimstone of:

Come down and sit in the dust,
O virgin daughter of Babylon, sit on
the ground...for thou shalt no more
be called tender and delicate.

We go along today with pale phrases, letting cybernetic machines roll out the stanzas for us. Our drama is filled with characters making long speeches sired by Ibsen and dammed by Freud. Our programs and plays are clinical and photographic and even stenographic. A current hit *(A Hatful of Rain)* is said to derive partly from verbatim transcripts. The author took down the speech and movement of actors as they experimentally improvised on the themes and situations of the play. There is nothing wrong with this per se ...more power to the shorthand pad!

Nor do I mean to disparage the Freud-Ibsen school, for the theater of Miller and Williams needs no defense from anyone. It has given us rich and worthy plays... but the brimstone is seldom there—the rolling phrase, the sonorous cadence, the flash of lyric intensity which, as in Keats, as in Shakespeare, is at times almost excruciating in its beauty. Other, perhaps more important elements are present—but rarely the thunder of the old-fashioned electrical display.

One of the best examples of the deterioriation of phrase-making in the last century-and-a-half, derives from the expression of patriotic sentiment. The lyric we chose for our national anthem did not shy away from what might be considered purple in today's market:

...in the twilight's last gleaming
...gave proof through the night
...the foe's haughty host
...the foul footstep's pollution

By comparison, the hit patriotic song of the last decade was as a sparrow to an eagle, its operative lines being:

Stand beside her
And guide her
Through the night with a light from above.

This is somewhat of a remove from:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of
His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

The reward of a great phrase or a great lyric may not be high in Ascap royalties or circulation, but its chance of enduring is big. It marches on, like Truth itself, and that is no mean pilgrimage. Come back, little Thunder. ♦

H. L. MENCKEN: It is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know that you would lie if you were in his place.

* *

GEORGE MEREDITH: Woman will be the last thing civilized by man.

* *

WILSON MIZNER: I know of no sentence that can induce such immediate and brazen lying as the one that begins, "Have you read..."

* *

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS: This is the final test of a gentleman; his respect for those who can be of no possible service to him.

* *

PLATO: Wise men talk because they have something to say; fools, because they have to say something.

* *

BURTON RASCOE: What no wife of a writer can ever understand is that a writer is working when he's staring out the window.

* *

SIGMUND ROMBERG: A love song is just a caress set to music.

* *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: The most successful politician is he who says what everybody is thinking most often and in the loudest voice.

* *

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU: Happiness: a good bank account, a good cook and a good digestion.

* *

JOHN RUSKIN: When a man is wrapped up in himself he makes a pretty small package.

* *

BERTRAND RUSSELL: The trouble with the world is that the stupid are cocksure and the intelligent full of doubt.

* *

CARL SANDBURG: Slang is language that takes off its coat, spits on its hands, and goes to work.

* *

JOHN SINGER SARGENT: Every time I paint a portrait, I lose a friend.

* *

JONATHAN SWIFT: Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: Few people think more than two or three times a year; I have made an international reputation for myself by thinking once or twice a week.

* *

MARK TWAIN: Familiarity breeds contempt —and children.

* *

CLARENCE DARROW: When I was a boy I was told that anybody could become President; I'm beginning to believe it.

* *

THOMAS HARDY: That man's silence is wonderful to listen to.

* *

HEINRICH HEINE: God will forgive me; that's his business.

Wit of Wisdom

ROBERT FROST: The best way out is through.

* *

OLIVER HERFORD: Don't take life too seriously, you'll never get out of it alive.

* *

VICTOR HUGO: When a woman is speaking to you, listen to what she says with her eyes.

* *

ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS: The college graduate is presented with a sheepskin to cover his intellectual nakedness.

* *

HENRIK IBSEN: You should never wear your best trousers when you go to fight for freedom and truth.

* *

WILLIAM RALPH INGE: Religion is caught, not taught.

JEAN SIBELIUS: Pay no attention to what the critics say; there has never been set up a statue in honor of a critic.

* *

THOMAS JEFFERSON: The man who reads nothing at all is better educated than the man who reads nothing but newspapers.

* *

SAMUEL JOHNSON: Adversity is the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, being especially free from admirers then.

* *

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: Gratitude is merely a hope of greater favors.

* *

STEPHEN LEACOCK: I am a great believer in luck, and I find the harder I work the more I have of it.

* *

LIN YUTANG: All women's dresses are merely variations on the eternal struggle between the admitted desire to dress and the unadmitted desire to undress.

* *

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: It takes less time to do a thing right than to explain why you did it wrong.

* *

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and who cannot be persuaded to say it.

* *

SOMERSET MAUGHAM: American women expect to find in their husbands a perfection that English women only hope to find in their butlers.

* *

OSCAR WILDE: A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

* *

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met.

* *

JOSH BILLINGS: When I see a man of shallow understanding extravagantly clothed, I always feel sorry—for the clothes.

* *

ALBERT EINSTEIN: Isn't it strange that I who have written only unpopular books should be such a popular fellow?

VAN GOGH...painter in fury

by Thomas Craven

Van Gogh was born lonely, but born with great affection in his heart. He was a boy of incredible courage and forbearance, fearing no one, regretting nothing. He wanted most of all to play, but he never played.

The face of Vincent Van Gogh was a thing to turn one's soul — it was gruesome and holy, the composite of peasant, convict, and Christ. His angular, mattoid skull was crowned with short red hair. His nose was huge, his mouth fierce and set like a trap. His cheekbones stuck out. His greenish eyes, deep-sunken beneath enormous brows, stared at the world, now with the gentle blankness of an infant, now with the ghastly brilliance of a religious lunatic.

He was innocent and untidy, and hungry for human companionship. But no one would suffer him—no one but his brother Theo.

Boarding school was a painful experience. Here he read deeply but indiscriminately, for he was destitute of critical sense. Here he collected plants and insects, lavishing upon nature the abnormal affection which he would gladly have given his fellows.

The boy was not only a problem but an object of humiliation and shame. Pastor Van Gogh decided at once that he should be put to work. Vincent had no objections—anything would be all right.

In the autumn of 1869, at the age of 16, he went to the Hague to become an assistant in a branch of the famous Goupil Galleries of Paris. The post, an important one for a poor rustic, had been obtained through the influence of his uncle, the manager of the gallery. Vincent was industrious and intelligent, and having no taste in pictures, a model salesman.

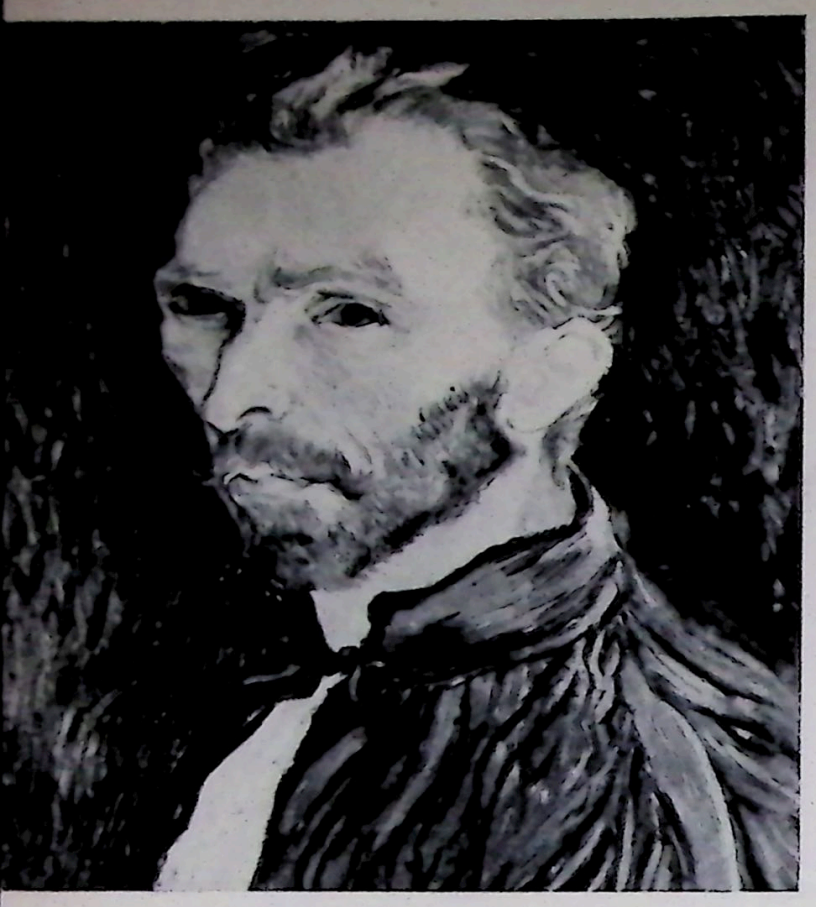
At the end of four years he had acquitted himself so honorably that he was promoted to the London branch of the firm in Bond Street. A year of happiness awaited him.

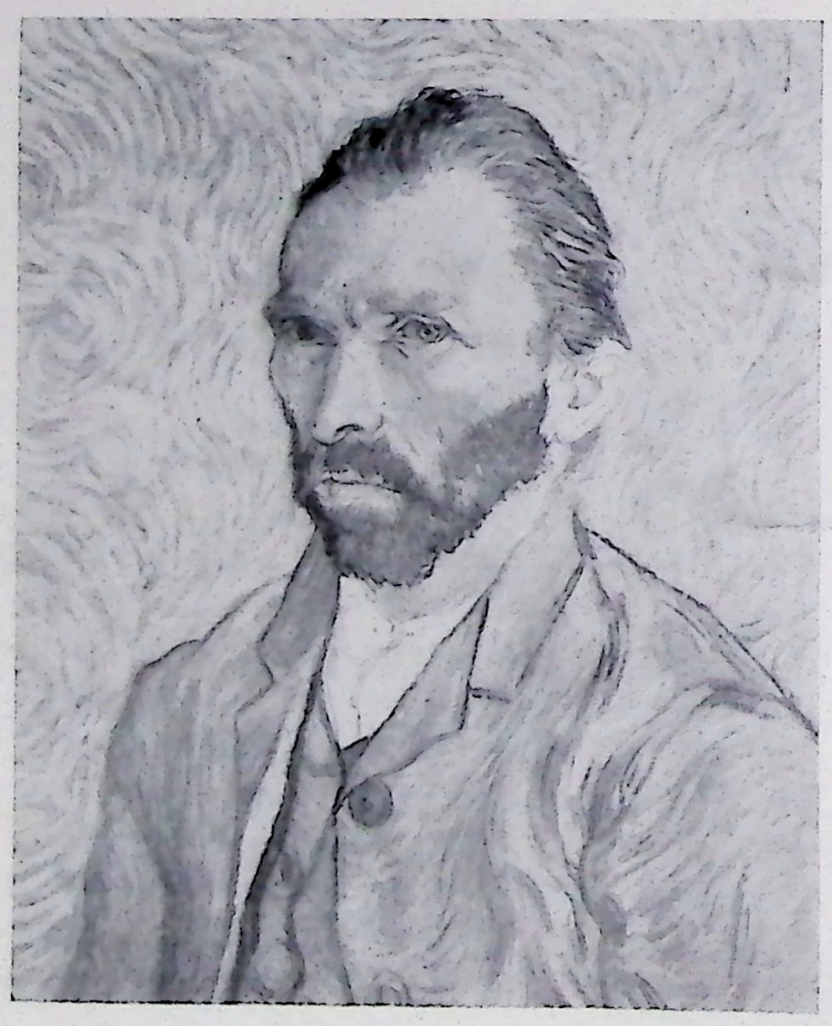
His landlady had a daughter named Ursula who kept a shop in the suburbs where she sold dolls and took care of children in a small kindergarten. Vincent fell in love with Ursula. He thought that she was the most beautiful girl in all the world and called her privately, the Angel of the Dolls.

After months of repressions he finally got up the nerve to declare his passion. When she informed him that she was engaged to another, he grew more importunate, begging her to break her pledge. She laughed in his face, and ordered him to be off about his business—and the laughter nearly killed him.

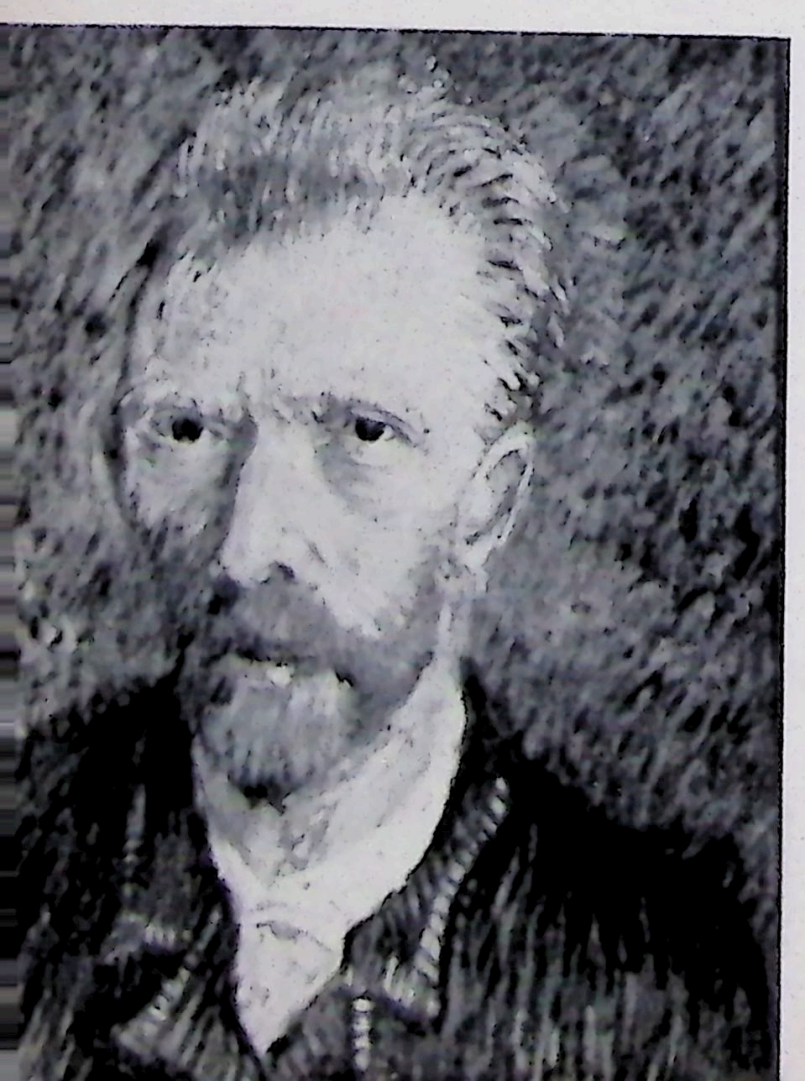
He gave himself over to mystical speculations, and his years of sober industry ended in bitterness and ruin. At the gallery he was arrogant, quarrelsome and ridiculously pious. As one suddenly beholding a great light, he exclaimed, "Art is made for the glory of God, but dealing in art is a form of organized cheating!"

His superiors, taking into account his excellent record, transferred him to Paris in the hope that he might cool off and recover his balance, but he sank to the lowest depths of despair. He was struggling to find a way into his true vocation which, he warned his





SELF-PORTRAITS



father, was that of a "fisher of men." He applied for a post in an English school and received a favorable answer. A poor teacher, he kept his pupils interested by telling them stories of Holland.

Then a longing to Ursula obsessed him, and he hunted her out, only to find that she was married and her door closed to him forever. He threw up his teaching job, and prayed for guidance, and was immensely comforted when a Methodist minister offered him employment as a sort of chaplain and charity worker in the slums of Whitechapel.

His work in London barely paid him enough to live on, and one day he turned up at the new parish of his father. He was ragged and broke, but his spirit was on fire. Have you ever gone out into the world as a youth, with hope in your heart and mind colored with dreams of mighty accomplishments? And have you returned home, beggared and ignominious, with nothing to show for your fool-hardy flight, to face a weeping mother and the awful glances of a father who wishes you had never been born? It is an ordeal—and no mistake—but Vincent bore it beautifully. He said good-bye, as if nothing had happened, and went to Amsterdam to prepare for the ministry.

A long-suffering uncle gave him lodging, and with the fortitude of a dozen saints he plunged into a seven-year course in theology. For 15 months he stuck it out, denying himself all worldly compensations, stuffing himself with dogmas and syllogisms. "Taking lessons in Greek," he wrote his brother, "on a very hot summer afternoon, with the dread of many difficult examinations before very learned and wily professors, is quite different from a walk in the fields of Brabant, which must be beautiful just now—but I am fighting for my life." The strain told and his nervous system collapsed. If he had failed in his plans for ordination, he had not surrendered his convictions. He would be a lay-preacher, or missionary.

Van Gogh had read of the sufferings of the coal miners in the Borinage and departed for that black country. Conditions among the miners were insufferable, and with his appalling love for humanity, he set out to remedy them. Vincent won the hearts of the miners, not by preaching, but by good works. They were a rough, illiterate lot, but they were real, and they believed in him. He took care of the sick, nursed the injured at the infirmaries, taught the children to read, comforted the old and helpless.

And that he might live as meanly as the worst of them, he gave away his money, his blankets and his clothes; and lodged in an old floorless hut, sleeping on a bag of straw. He was happy. But the hypocrites at Brussels heard of his scandalous conduct and revoked his authority. They said that he was cheapening his calling, that he had no dignity. "Whoever told you I had any dignity?" Vincent retorted.

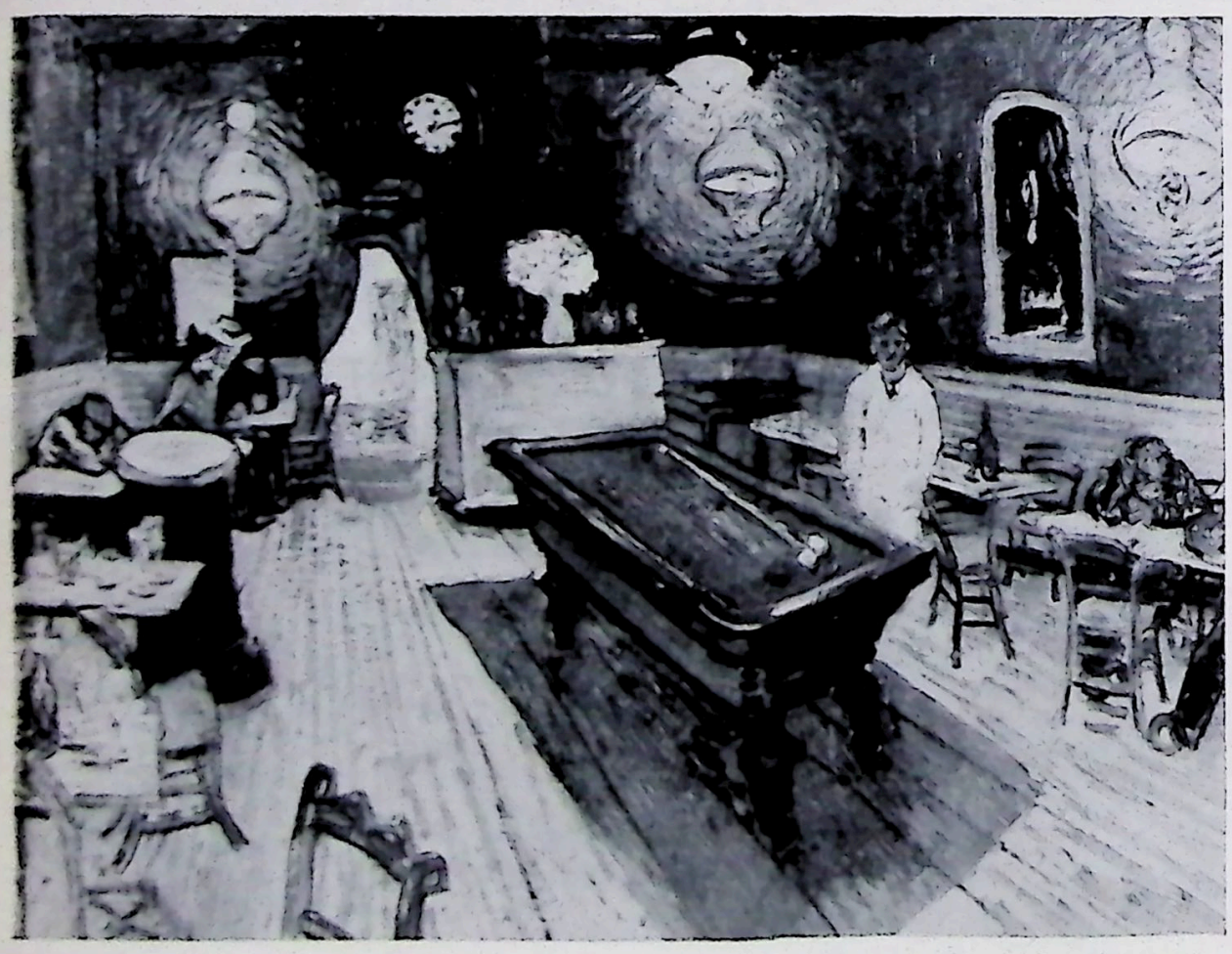
Vincent reaped the faith that he could not express in words, but the free lessons in misery multiplied daily, and pressed him into the service of art. It was a decisive step—one that took all his courage. He was 27 years old, none too strong physically, and in technical matters, an untutored child. He went to work, slowly and methodically—it was serious business now. If he should fail, it would be the end of him.

He had premonitions of an early death, and he must reach the house of art before nightfall. He began by copying prints after Rembrandt, Millet and the moping Dutchmen of his day. He spent his last pennies for a worthless treatise on charcoal drawing. He sketched unceasingly from nature.

The second winter of his life among the miners was the coldest ever known, and he was reduced to vagabondage—roaming the country, sleeping in barns, begging his bread—but always sketching. He made studies of landscape and of coal diggers—dirty men wielding pickaxes and shovels and women in black kerchiefs, old and ugly. He encountered technical difficulties which he could not

THE ZOUAVE

PORTRAIT OF GIRL IN WHITE



NIGHT CAFE

conquer alone, and felt the need of the companionship of artist

In all Europe, he observed, there was not a single school wher one could learn to paint a man digging, or sowing seed, a woma hanging a pot over a fire or doing needlework. He learned the rudi ments of perspective from an artist poorer than himself, borrowed books on anatomy, light and shade, and design, and studied day and night. He went into the streets and the fields—his aim being to depict a real workman, his clothes, his expression and his soul.

Vincent worked hard that winter. Now he was an artist in the making—he must improvise a structure for his own unbridled imaginings. The first results were pitiful in the extreme—infantile to tell the truth, and enough to daunt the hardiest of men. No other artist destined to such original utterances was ever so unpromising in his first efforts. "I want to paint humanity," he wrote to Theo, "and again humanity." But humanity, apparently would not come to terms with him, and he was seized with a desperate loneliness.

Privation he had endured and could endure again. But man, he reflected, especially the artist, was not meant to live alone. He longed for a wife and children—"the white blossoms of matrimony" —but there was no woman anywhere, he had had reason to believe, willing to tolerate him.

At a public soup-house he fell in with a prostitute who was good to him, but who deserted him the moment she discovered that his intentions were serious. He visited the brothels seeking companionship, hoping that he might find a woman as miserable as himself, one whom he might lead to a better life. Sometimes the girls were kind—more often they snickered at his notions of regeneration.

He spent the next two years in the province of Brabant. He roamed the moors painting peasants, sketched the weavers at their looms and worked in his studio, a room in the house of a Catholic priest. He painted *The Potato Eaters*, a group of peasants at their evening meal, a remarkable picture right from the heart of rustic life, and smelling, as he said, of dirty potatoes. This sooty monochrome marks the beginning of a style which was soon to develop brilliantly.

The wandering fever was upon him again and he decided to go to Antwerp to see the museums, and to have another try at an art school. His father was dead. He said good-bye to his mother and sisters—and they never saw him again.

Vincent worked incessantly at the expense of his body and suffered another breakdown. The doctor told him he had symptoms of typhoid and would die if he did not take better care of himself. Vincent was frightened out of his wits. He did not want to die. He was only 33 and had just begun to paint. He would go at once to Paris and place himself under the protection of his brother.

Theo was kindness itself, the prince of good fellows and the manager of the gallery in Montmartre. He moved to a more commodious apartment in order that Vincent might work independently in quiet surroundings. In two years Vincent made astonishing progress and was well on the road to his glorious final period. He painted his famous *Flowers*, now in the Louvre. But he was not by nature a city-dweller, and Paris was wearing him out. He was losing himself in an atmosphere of big talk, glib theorizing, and professional romanticism.

"Theo," he said with overflowing humility, "I must start all over again. I must go down into the earth, naked, once more—only for three or four years—that's all I have, but one more effort I must make. Somewhere, beneath an open sky, I must find it at last. There is wind down there which I long for. I must feel it on my skin—and the warm sun, and the sweet smell of the ploughed field. In Paris I have lost my sense for the wind altogether, in fact I am losing my very skin by degrees."

The two brothers went out to a Wagnerian concert, and the next day Vincent scrubbed the studio, tidied up, nailed his canvases to the walls, and set out for the South, leaving an affectionate note of farewell.

He lived in a little hotel in the town of Arles and was soon a public character. He painted with stupefying rapidity, ten canvases at once—flowers, landscape, and such local folk as were not ashamed to sit to him.

His pictures were painted in fury and signed with fire. "I paint scenes of monstrous gaiety," he cried, "lashing the canvas with irregular strokes and letting them stand—and they are irritating to people with preconceived notions of technique." He painted straight from nature, but treated the color in an arbitrary fashion.

"The important part," he explained, "is the willful heightening of the color scheme. Blonde hair is raised to orange, then to chrome or even pale lemon color. Then the stupid wall behind the head is taken away and a simple background of rich blue extends to infinity. And with a simple combination of two rich colors it is possible to give luminosity to a head, as mysterious as a star in the azure sky."

Van Gogh painted those immortal sunflowers, their faces of greenish gold against yellow ground, bringing into dizzy harmony colors no one had ever before dared join together. He staked everything on the first impassioned attack, win or lose, and his pictures became symbols of the flaming combustion going on within him, the collision of an abnormally sensitive mind with the most powerful stimuli of light, color and living forms.

Such frenetic concentration could not last, and by the end of the summer he gave signs of exhaustion. In May, 1890, Theo entrusted him to the care of Dr. Gachet, a specialist in aberrations and a great lover of art. In two years Van Gogh had painted more than 200 pictures!

One afternoon, as he was sitting under a tree by the inn, everything suddenly became clear to Vincent. Behind him he saw his father's rectory, the flower beds, the white linen, the grinning neighbors, the church and the tall tree in the cemetery. He saw Ursula, the coal-miners, Montmartre, and Theo shaking hands with noisy painters. Ahead, he saw only one thing: the asylum and himself the maddest of the lot—permanently mad.

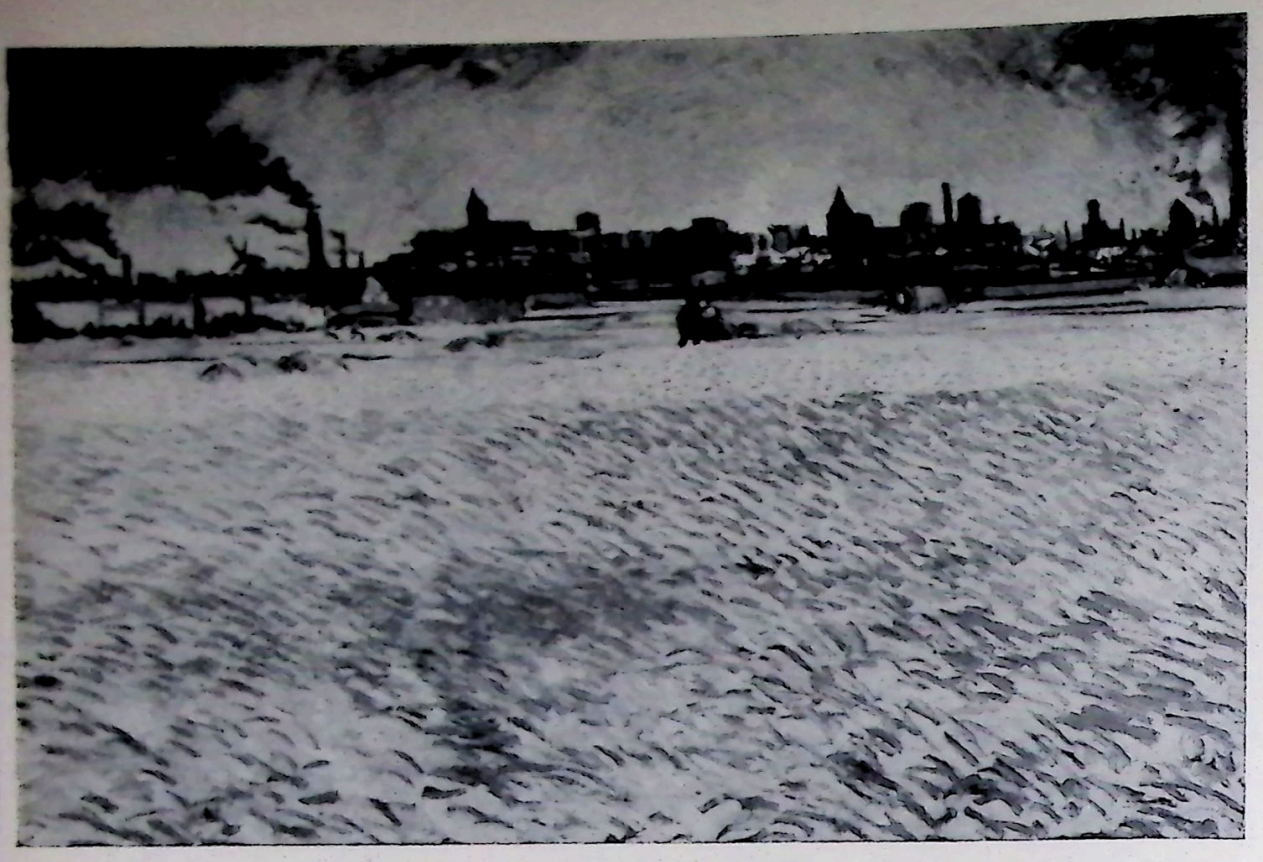
"It is impossible!" he exclaimed. "Impossible!"

With true courage he pulled a revolver from his pocket and fired. Then, very calmly, he gathered up his painting gear and walked into the inn just as he had always done after a day's work.

They buried him at Auvers, in the cemetery between the cornfields, and planted sunflowers round the grave in honor of the great soul that rested there. ♦

. OLIVE TREES

PERE TANGUY



SUNSET AT ARLES

VINCENT'S BEDROOM

MAIRIE IN AUVERS ON FOURTEENTH DAY

Van Gogh steeped his canvases with the burning sun and brilliant colors, so much so that his art is the most difficult to reproduce in true color. Reprints of his works, the most popular on the American art market, lack the vibrancy of the originals. Reproducing Van Gogh colors became a concern to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's camera department in filming Lust for Life, *a fictionalized biography of the artist's life by Irving Stone.*

The 100 original Van Goghs used in the picture had to be photographed in a triple process, with a different. technique for those predominating in yellow. This new process achieved an accurate reproduction of color, brush stroke and general technique and is a significant step of progress in color photography.

At right, Kirk Douglas portrays Van Gogh in scenes from Lust for Life, *which was filmed in the actual settings where the artist lived and worked.*

WOMEN on the Frontier

by Paul Horgan

Woman gave the frontier home grace and amenity with whatever materials were at hand. Her courage was as great and her work as hard as her husband's. Her satisfactions were all tacit. Unlike the European who flattered women but did not treat them as his equal, the American almost never complimented his wife, but showed her in other ways how fully he valued and counted upon her partnership in a wilderness venture.

If as a figure she was idealized in countless impersonal episodes of frontier lore, she was, like the men, also projected in the grotesque vein. Mike Fink, the river boatman who was translated into myth, had an incredible daughter. She was so huge she tamed a full-grown bear, and all at once she could chew with one side of her mouth, whistle with the other, and scream with the middle.

Grandeurs and amenities abandoned with the East merged with the talents and symbols of the West in a description of another frontier maiden, whose bonnet was a hornet's nest. Her gown was a whole bear's hide, with the tail for a train. She could drink from a creek without a cup, shoot a wild goose flying, wade the Mississippi without getting wet, outscream a catamount, and jump over her own shadow. She had good, strong horse sense, knew a woodchuck from a skunk, and could dance down any fellow.

Such monstrous views of woman were in a perverse way a proof of her equality with men whose experience she wholly shared in the job of making the new life.

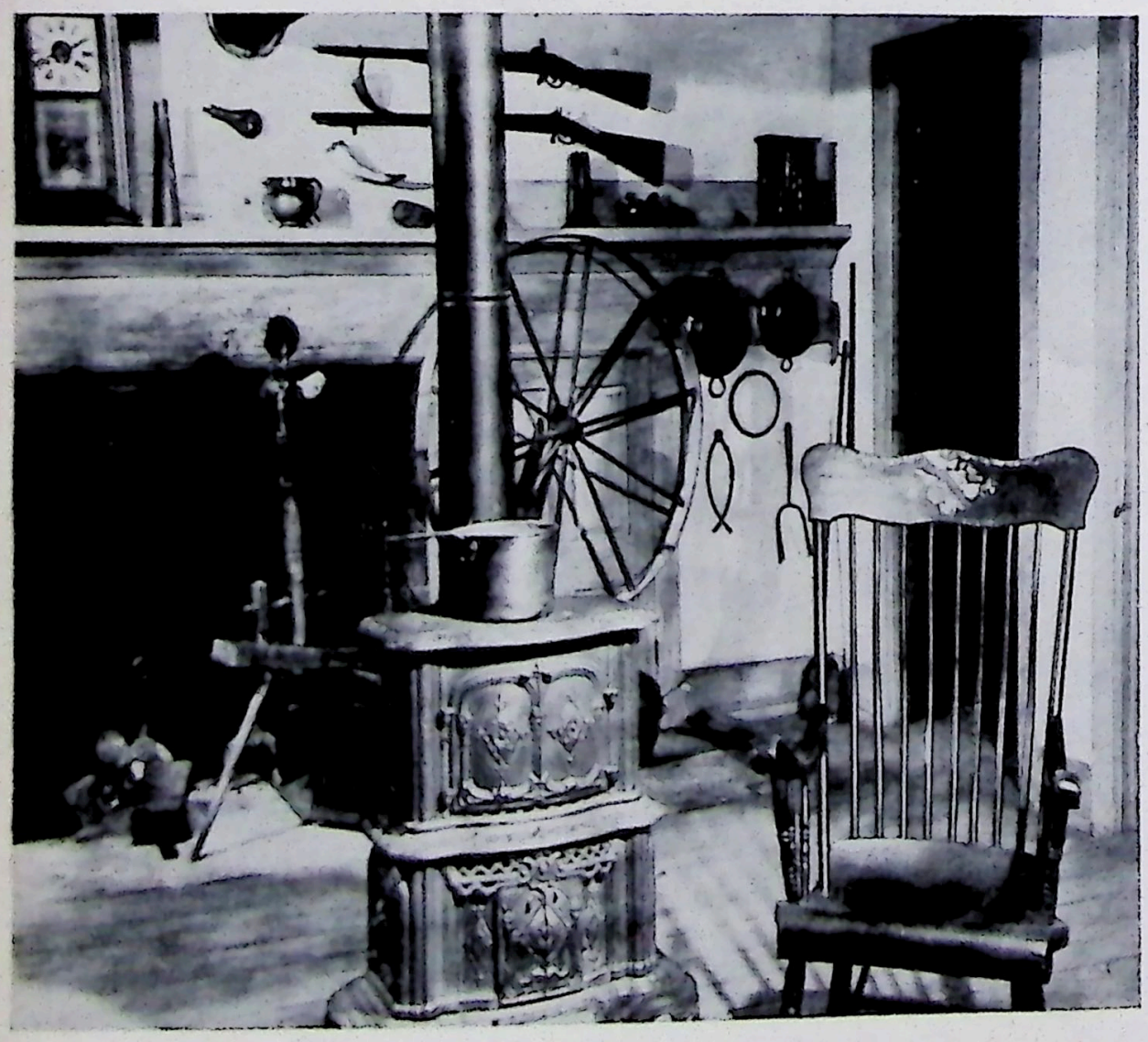
"A pleasing uniformity of decent competence," said Crevecoeur, "appears throughout our habitations. The meanest of our log houses is a dry and comfortable habitation." It was put together of trees felled by axe to make a clearing. The stumps were burned away in a long chore that boys could do. Seedlings showed in the rubble, and were cut down or allowed to grow, depending on where they sprang. Larger trees with heavy foliage were circled through the bark to kill their shade and let light through upon patches of corn sowed between them.

The house was about 30 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 15 feet high. It was all one room, and it had a single window hung with a muslin curtain. At one end rose the chimney made of stones hauled from a creek nearby or dug out of the ground. The hearth was of packed clay. The fireplace was wide and high, to hold an immense fire, that not only heated but lighted the whole room. Over the hearth hung a long rifle on iron hooks—above it, for decoration, a deer or bearskin and a clutch of eagle or hawk feathers.

On the wall to the right of the chimney was tacked an engraved map of the United States on Pennsylvania laid paper. From its eastern parts where it showed dense hatching of towns, roads, waterways and mountains in lines of black ink, the map faded toward the Mississippi. Beyond the river westward, it showed little but the names of Indian tribes bitten into spaces of white paper with a straggle of the Rocky Mountains like a spine of tiny pine

Wisconsin was a western frontier area when the first house (above) was built at Fond du Lac in 1836. The Black Hawk war of 1832 had settled the Indian trouble brought on by the intrusion of fur traders and lead miners. After peace treaties were signed, vast areas were opened for settlement. A special census of the territory showed a population of 11,000 in 1836 and 40,000 in 1840.

These settlers from the eastern states asked for statehood in 1846 but their first constitution was rejected by Congress owing to liberal articles relating to the rights of married women. (Below) The interior of a typical early American frontier home.



cones and a tentative broken curve for the empty Pacific coast.

Near the map hung a single plank shelf on which rested the family's books—a Bible, the first six books of Milton, a volume of Shakespeare, an almanac. Along the wall instead of closets stood wooden chests. In the center of the room was a long table built in the clearing. Its legs still held bark. On the table was a teapot of English china, a handful of silver spoons by Revere or Hurd of Boston, some teacups, and a little pile of old newspapers. Such a dwelling as Tocqueville saw it was "a little world, an ark of civilization amid an ocean of foliage . . ."

Here was enclosed all the life of the family, for parents, children and dogs. Here ate and slept the traveler in the common firelight under the protecting rooftree made by the father, and here presided the mother. She was in many cases a woman of gentle cultivation who had left the home of prosperous parents to risk with her husband the trials of the Great West, bringing with her as best she could all the graces she had learned.

Her life was hard. She bore children frequently and in countless cases without any aid but that of her husband. Her day began with sunup and, until her daughters were old enough, she did its womanly tasks alone. She aged fast. Her appearance was inclined to be "at once sad but resolute." If she seemed exhausted, yet it was with pride that her life should be so insatiably used by her man, her children, and her place on earth. And when travelers came, she and her husband gave what they had of shelter, food and floor. This was done as a duty, impassively, with no pretense that uninvited guests were in every case occasions of joy.

Like an Indian woman, the mother cooked out-of-doors except on the coldest winter days, when she set her kettles and skillets in the great indoor fireplace. On a spit the mother cooked all sorts of game brought in by her husband and her sons. When they went on a bee hunt they came home with plenty of wild honey.

In deep kettles she made a variety of stews, seasoned with herbs for which the woods were combed. Out of corn and wheat flour ground at home she baked bread and cakes.

From wild berries and fruits she made sweets. In time she would be able to gather produce from her own orchards, after her little trees began to bear. Out of the woods she took her medicines, from which she mixed a general remedy called bitters. To a draught of whiskey she added sarsaparilla roots, dock roots, black snakeroot, the bark of dogwood and of wild cherry, and a few beads of black pine gum. This was fed to grownups and children alike when indicated.

When she wasn't cooking she was working toward cloth at her spinning wheel or loom, or making new garments, or mending old ones. It was said on the frontier that the first thing a young man did was to get him a wife so's to have her make him some clothes. When she wasn't sewing she was teaching the children their ABC's, and how to read, and how to cipher, and who the Lord Jesus was, and where their grandparents were, and what America was, and how a living was made. She had very little money and needed no more, for her husband obtained goods by trade. What money they had was enough to pay the government, "as there were no unreasonable taxes."

She kept her girls by her till late. Her boys she lost early. The boys had hardly a cubhood. They went from boy to man, for as soon as their bodies were lengthening and filling to meet physical toil, they were ready to do a man's work and were granted leave to do it. If the son wanted to stay at home to work, he was welcome. He was equally at liberty to do what many did at 14 or 15—make a bundle of what he owned, take a rifle from the family's armory, and with a sweet bloom of ignorance on his confident face, go out on his own to a still farther West than the one he grew up in. ♦

THE SELF EMERGES

by Margaret A. Ribble

Self-awareness and the capacity for self-observation as it emerges in the young child is one of the most interesting phases of psychological development. It marks the beginning of a form of mental life more like that of the adult and indicates definite progress on the road to maturing. Yet strangely enough this definite advance in mental growth with its important implications is often overlooked.

Parents have become so engrossed in the theory of giving the instincts free rein in order to avoid crippling them by repression that they have neglected the growth and early expressions of the ego. Others have associated self and its activities predominantly with the moral concept of selfishness as it appears in the older child and the adult, and this misconception may be responsible for their neglect of the child's urges toward self-building.

Me feelings and eagerness to participate become evident about the time the child can walk, can gesticulate his wishes vigorously, and has acquired a small vocabulary that delights his parents. The all-important discovery that his body belongs to him and that he can initiate many of its activities adds a new glow of knowingness. He has become a person. "*Me do it*" now becomes insistent. Self-knowledge leads to clearer awareness of other selves—of parents as more distinct persons.

A mother made a good observation in an enthusiastic report to me of her small daughter's progress. The report serves to make vivid the changes in a young child's psychological reactions while self-feeling was emerging during the latter half of the second year. On her first birthday, Joan exhibited little interest in the many toys given her by family and friends, much to the disappointment of those who were present for the birthday celebration. They had spent time selecting things considered appropriate and were quite downcast when after a casual glance the youngster ignored their gifts and clung to a battered and much-chewed plastic doll, her first plaything.

Ten months later her father, to whom she was strongly attached, brought her a fluffy waddling duck, her first mechanical toy. Joan beamed with pleasure as she pressed the downy plaything to her face. Her father took it from her, and she held out her hands impatiently as he wound it up and placed it on the floor in front of her. As it began to move she hesitated for an instant, then scrambled to her feet and waddled cautiously along with the toy. A door was open across the room in the direction toward which child and toy were moving. Suddenly the little one left her duck and darted over to push the door violently shut.

The mother realized that this sequence represented Joan's complete direction of attention to the new toy, her wish to possess it and make it part of herself.

Self-feeling is a composite of many different bodily sensations and numerous sorts of experience. Some of the contributing factors are the first using together of mouth, eyes, and hands; self-feeding; and body sensations of touch that occur during bathing and when clothing is put on and off. Gaining muscular control of the body —lifting the head, sitting, standing, creeping, and walking— advances self-feeling still further.

The control of elimination is an extremely important part of this early self-direction, this progress. Self-expression in speech is a climax in mental growth and personal relatedness which brings with it a vigorous advance in self-awareness.

The young self urgently needs recognition and support from both parents to grow progressively in greater independence and in self-understanding. The child needs particularly to be taken seriously and not laughed at, even when his thinking is highly colored with fantasy. He is already a more rational individual, but it must be remembered that his systems of control are just beginning to come into action and that there will be many outbursts of jealousy, greed, and possessiveness which are still a natural part of his

behavior. They will lessen, however, as the self grows stronger and more assured.

"Conflict" has already arisen in his young life between the urge to assert himself and the wish to be loved and admired. Opportunities for solving the conflict and for learning to make a good decision must be provided, because this is an important means of furthering ego development and stimulating the growth of intelligence.

The important factor is free self-expression and freedom to develop the ability to think for himself. The utmost tact and restraint are needed by the parents. Enthusiastic approval of the wise choice is in order. But strong disapproval or the resort to coercion by father or mother tends to weaken the child's ability to make a decision. Parents must convince themselves that poor solutions of conflict at this age are at many times inevitable and are a part of immaturity.

This leads us to consider the characteristic human potentiality for what is known as *sublimation*. This capacity is present in the earliest stages of ego development and grows with use and exercise. Fundamentally, it means the deflection of energy from crude instinctual expression to wider functional uses of body and mind and to varied forms of gratification.

However, with the growing sense of self the child begins to discover that he can substitute other interests if the relationship to the parents is warm, sympathetic and approving. Hence disappointment is not overwhelming. The urge for pleasure still dominates him in this period of life, but if he has become aware of social pleasure and of the satisfaction of praise from his parents, the process of sublimation is not too difficult. It is necessary that parents help to make the new gain of emotional satisfaction greater for the child than were the earlier infantile pleasures.

A new enjoyment comes with the ability to talk well. To the parents, speech indicates that a learning faculty is at work. The royal road to learning and ego building in this period is through talking, and the important role of the parents is that of making opportunities "to talk things over." It is best if this comes about quietly and casually, the mother sitting by with handwork or looking at a magazine, or the father perhaps demonstrating a new toy.

Talking comes most readily after a period of vigorous exercise or of play activity. Unfortunately many parents, not recognizing its value for the child, are annoyed by persistent talking or questioning; this is especially true of fathers who have had a busy day at the office and to whom the child's chatter may be highly disturbing. Often the child is told to be quiet, or to run away and play.

Forbidding him to talk is plainly a serious restriction. This does not mean, however, that the family mealtime should be spoiled and that family privacy and social visits should be interfered with. It does mean that the child must be provided with frequent occasions to talk freely and play spontaneously with parents, siblings or visitors.

Meals taken in the company of mother or nurse, and very occasionally with a playmate, are an advantage when, during the first three years, attention remains on the food and its handling rather than on conversation. This helps to avoid many eating difficulties and protects the family mealtime.

The child should be stimulated to express his fantasies to the trusted parent. These fantasies are usually startling to the adult, but the very expression of them helps the child to correct the unreality of some of his first thinking.

The early thinking revolves around himself and his bodily experiences of pleasure and pain. Pleasurable experiences are retained, and from disagreeable happenings his awareness tends to withdraw. This makes many of his expressions seem strange to his parents and gives an impression of falseness, but, again, talking about them—giving expression to them—is vital to the learning of reality. ♦

The World.

NO. 8,757. NEW YORK, TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1885—WITH SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TWO C

GRANADA.

MURDERED IN HIS HOME.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

TRIUMPHANT COMPLETION OF THE WORLD'S FUND FOR THE LIBERTY PEDESTAL.

Story of the Greatest Popular Subscription Ever Raised in America—How the Republic Was Saved from Lasting Disgrace—An Event for Patriotic Citizens to Rejoice Over—A Roll of Honor Bearing the Names of 120,000 Generous Patriots—The Flags of France and the American Union Floating in Sisterly Sympathy Over $3,500 Received Yesterday—The Grand Total Foots Up $102,006.39—A Generous Lady Pays $130 for the Washington Coat.

We have no room for any extended comments on yesterday's result. We have reached the One Hundred Thousand Dollar mark and passed it by $2,000. The receipts of the day were $3,230.83, which makes the grand total $103,006.39. There is need for all this money and more, so that we are glad to have a surplus over the amount we originally expected to gather.

NOTES.

The bidding on the Washington cent opened up yesterday morning with this telegram from Mr. Ilovell, of Chicago:

To the Editor of The World:

I will give $116 for the Washington cent.

ALEX. H. HOWELL.

Congress Hall, Cape May, N. J., Aug. 10.

This was followed by the following letter from Mr. Williams:

To the Editor of The World:

The bidding for the cent has been climbing so rapidly that I concluded that the only way to ascertain its final value was to "trust the answer is the stars," so I again appealed to the spirit of my revolutionary ancestor. He was evidently agitated and discoursed as follows: "I think Packard, of Buffalo, was pretty mean to 'give away' an poor old grandad by mentioning the old great's familiarity with the Commissary Department of the Grand Army of Shoo! Our little revolutionary colcrie in paradise have often missed Squire Packard and his cheerful fish stories, but I was too charitable to refer to this before. His recent statement, however, is such a well, such a Bialoglasm that I will no longer conceal his fate. He is desperately trying to maintain his mundane respectibility, for the only position for which he was ever nominated was one which rhymes with Packard, and that was a term in the penitentiary. Now, I don't want to be hard on the old man, but I think he ought to be taken down. Put me down for $130 for the cent. Very respectfully,

FRANK S. WILLIAMS.

New York, Aug. 10.

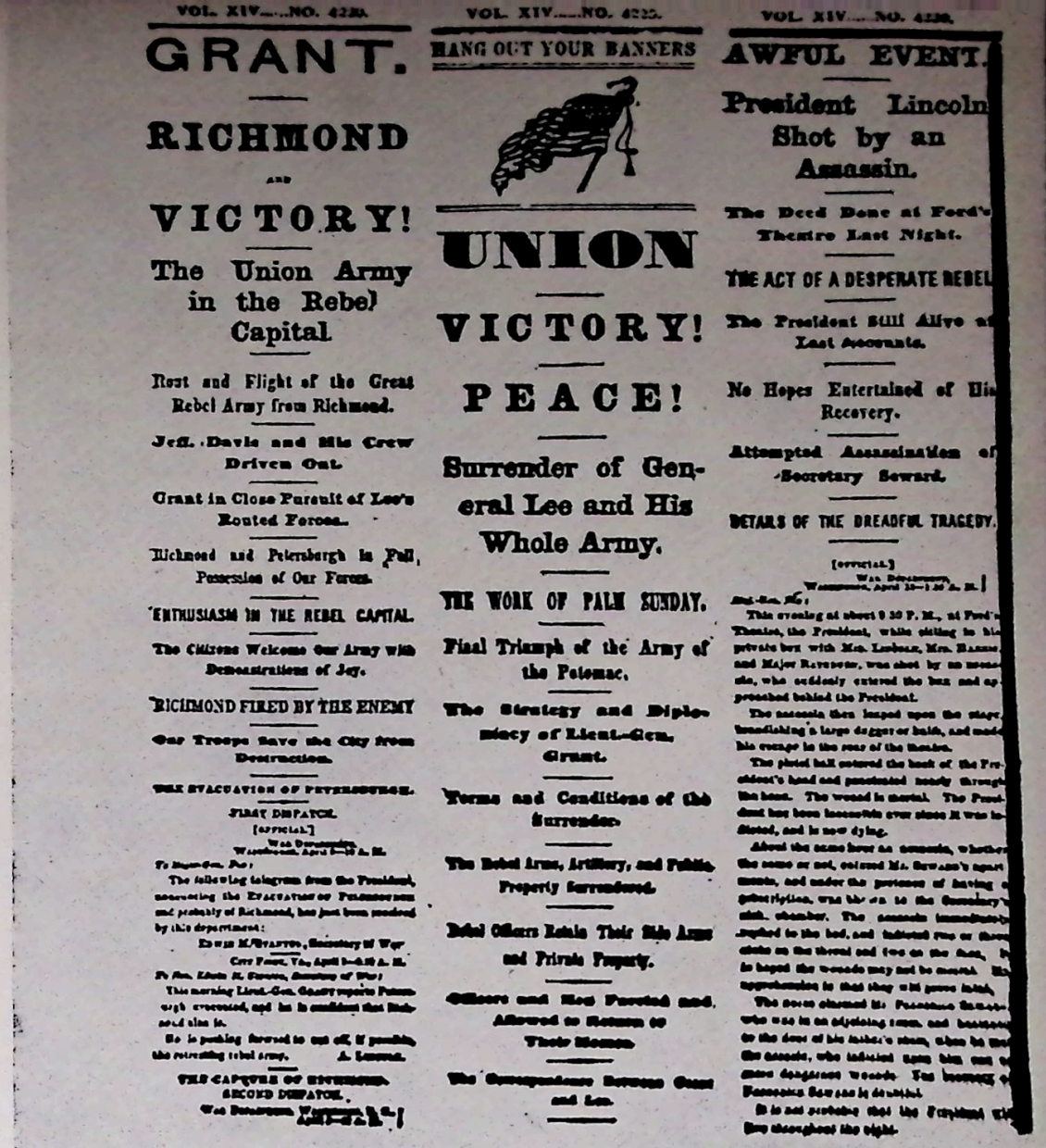
About 5 o'clock in the afternoon there came this telegram from Mr. Packard:

To the Editor of The World:

"No, by the holy jumping pumpkins!" says grandpop. "Can it be possible that any combination of events will deprive us of our property? I guess not. Splice the pole. The persimmons are pretty nearly in reach. Offer THE WORLD $130 for our precious gem." To this I reverberate, Amen and Amen. A. J. PACKARD.

Buffalo, Aug. 10.

It was supposed this would settle the matter, and it seemed certain that Buffalo had captured the much-talked-of prize. Mr. Dewis, of Chicago, had been asked early in the day if he wished to increase his bid, but evidently did not get the telegram, as he was not heard from. There was, however, a most unexpected turn in affairs. About 8 o'clock in the evening there came a very handsome young lady into THE WORLD office and said she would like to bid on the Washington cent. How much would she give? She would give $130 even. As there could be no further delay the offer was accepted and the money paid over. The purchaser was miss Helen Dauvray, the well-known actress, and the fair young lady who had come to make the bid was her sister. This makes the second donation Miss Dauvray has made to the fund, she having given $100 in April last. She will place the souvenir in the rare collection which she now has in her private museum at her beautiful residence, on Park avenue in this city. We congratulate Miss



VOL. XIV.....NO. 4230.

GRANT.

RICHMOND

AND

VICTORY!

The Union Army in the Rebel Capital

Rout and Flight of the Great Rebel Army from Richmond.

Jeff. Davis and His Crew Driven Out.

Grant in Close Pursuit of Lee's Routed Forces.

Richmond and Petersburgh in Full Possession of Our Forces.

ENTHUSIASM IN THE REBEL CAPITAL.

The Citizens Welcome Our Army with Demonstrations of Joy.

RICHMOND FIRED BY THE ENEMY

Our Troops Save the City from Destruction.

THE EVACUATION OF PETERSBURGH.

FIRST DISPATCH.

[OFFICIAL.]

War Department,
Washington, April 3—1.30 A. M.

To Major-Gen. Dix:

The following telegram from the President, announcing the EVACUATION OF PETERSBURGH and probably of Richmond, has just been received by this department:

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

City Point, Va., April 3—8.30 A. M.

To Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

This morning Lieut.-Gen. Grant reports Petersburgh evacuated, and he in confident that Richmond also is.

He is pushing forward to cut off, if possible, the retreating rebel army. A. LINCOLN.

THE CAPTURE OF RICHMOND.

SECOND DISPATCH.

War Department,
Washington, April 3—[illegible]

VOL. XIV.....NO. 4235.

HANG OUT YOUR BANNERS

UNION

VICTORY!

PEACE!

Surrender of General Lee and His Whole Army.

THE WORK OF PALM SUNDAY.

Final Triumph of the Army of the Potomac.

The Strategy and Diplomacy of Lieut.-Gen. Grant.

Terms and Conditions of the Surrender.

The Rebel Arms, Artillery, and Public Property Surrendered.

Rebel Officers Retain Their Side Arms and Private Property.

Officers and Men Paroled and Allowed to Return to Their Homes.

The Correspondence Between Gens. Grant and Lee.

VOL. XIV.....NO. 4230.

AWFUL EVENT.

President Lincoln Shot by an Assassin.

The Deed Done at Ford's Theatre Last Night.

THE ACT OF A DESPERATE REBEL

The President Still Alive at Last Accounts.

No Hopes Entertained of His Recovery.

Attempted Assassination of Secretary Seward.

DETAILS OF THE DREADFUL TRAGEDY.

[OFFICIAL.]

War Department,
Washington, April 15—1.30 A. M.

Maj.-Gen. DIX:

This evening at about 9.30 P. M., at Ford's Theatre, the President, while sitting in his private box with Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Harris and Major Rathbone, was shot by an assassin, who suddenly entered the box and approached behind the President.

The assassin then leaped upon the stage, brandishing a large dagger or knife, and made his escape in the rear of the theatre.

The pistol ball entered the head of the President's head and penetrated nearly through the brain. The wound is mortal. The President has been insensible ever since it was inflicted, and is now dying.

About the same hour an assassin, whether the same or not, entered Mr. Seward's apartments, and under the pretence of having a prescription, was shown to the Secretary's sick chamber. The assassin immediately rushed to the bed, and inflicted five or six stabs on the throat and face on the side. It is hoped the wounds may not be mortal. The apprehension is that they will prove fatal.

The same assassin or Secretary Seward, who was in an adjoining room, and hastened to the door of his father's room, where he met the assassin, who inflicted upon him most dangerous wounds. The recovery of Secretary Seward is doubtful.

It is not probable that the President will live throughout the night.

Three Headlines Printed in the First Columns on the Front Pages of the *New-York Times*, April 4, 10, and 15, 1865

NOVELS are HISTORICAL

by Ben Ames Williams

There is no such thing as a non-historical novel. Within the pages of every work of fiction rests circumstantial evidence that will reveal to the sufficiently well-informed reader the particular period during which the action occurs. It is not necessary to read that the heroine traveled by stagecoach, or rode a bicycle, or drove a car, or boarded a plane. Emotional reactions and moral standards may date a novel as explicitly as hoop skirts or knee breeches, as rapiers or revolvers, as cars that must be cranked.

Because of this fourth-dimensional quality of fiction, every novel is in greater or lesser degree a contribution to history. A novel whose entire action occurs in a single day in 1951 may prove to be a valuable source book for the historian writing in the year 2000. It will hardly give him any facts not already familiar, but it may well enlighten him about the manners and customs of people who lived in 1951.

But the adjective *historical* has come to be restricted to novels through whose pages move at least a few famous men with famous names just as the noun *history* has come to be applied to any factual—or pseudo-factual—book of non-fiction which concerns itself with persons and incidents conspicuous in the past. There are novels whose action occurs in the dated past but in whose pages no familiar characters appear, no familiar names are mentioned, and *history* plays no part. No one classes *Anna Karenina* or *Madame Bovary* among *historical* novels. Yet just as

TWELVE PAGES

THE SPOKESMAN-REVIEW.

29TH YEAR. NO. 61 SATURDAY MORNING SEPTEMBER 14, 1901

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY IS DE

At 2:15 This Morning the Noble Heart of the C Magistrate Ceased to Beat.

Milburn House, Sept. 14.—The president died at 2:15. The announcement of the death of the was made by Webb Hayes, who said: "It is all over."

Mrs. McKinley last saw her husband between 11 and 12 o'clock. At that time she sat by his holding his hand.

SCENES AT THE BEDSIDE.

MILBURN HOUSE, Buffalo, Sept. 14—President McKinley [illegible]

PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

GREAT SIGH OF ANGUISH.

"GOODBY ALL, GOODBY"

"It Is God's Way, His Will Be Done," McKinley's Last Words.

DYING WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN

Before 6 p. m. It Was Clear to Watchers the End Was Near.

THEY BADE HIM GOODBY

Family Physicians Labored Frantically to the End—Unconscious Several Hours.

INDEX OF TODAY'S NEWS

WILL HONOR THE DEAD PRESIDENT

Memorial Services Will Be Held Tomorrow by the Lodge of Elks.

NO PARADE TONIGHT

Carnival Plans Are Changed to Accord With the National Calamity—Program Today.

EMMA GOLDMA

Said She Had No Sy Kinley's Co

a novel laid in the past need not be *historical*, so a novel laid in the present may be.

A historical novel deserving that honorable name seeks to present an accurate and unprejudiced picture of some phase of history, but this may be merely incidental to the novel's theme. My first long novel, as an example, was in this category. In my twenties, I rebelled at the textbooks of history because they dealt almost wholly with wars and rumors of war—with kings, and presidents, and such exalted personages. I thought true history should record the changing way of life of the everyday individual.

So this first novel of mine was written to tell the life story of an ordinary man. In order to do that adequately, I felt it necessary to follow day-by-day the events which had occurred during those years of his life which I meant to cover. This led me to read with some care the complete files of one of the Boston newspapers from 1885 to 1910, and to incorporate in the novel many references to current events likely to have interested my leading character.

This reading—research—had an indirect result. It revealed to me how little I knew about the history of my own lifetime. Since then, further study has shown me how little I knew about the history of my country. Yet I had the normal number of school and college courses in history. But to pick up one of my own—or one of my children's—textbooks today is to discover that they are not only incomplete, but inaccurate, unintelligent, and—worst of all—uninteresting. It was reading historical novels which led me to read French, German, Roman, and American histories.

The novels provoked in me a curiosity they did not satisfy. I began to suspect that most people today learn more about history from novels than from textbooks. Textbooks are studied on assignment, a few pages or a chapter at a time. They are read as a task. To read them is no pleasure. They are dull as dates.

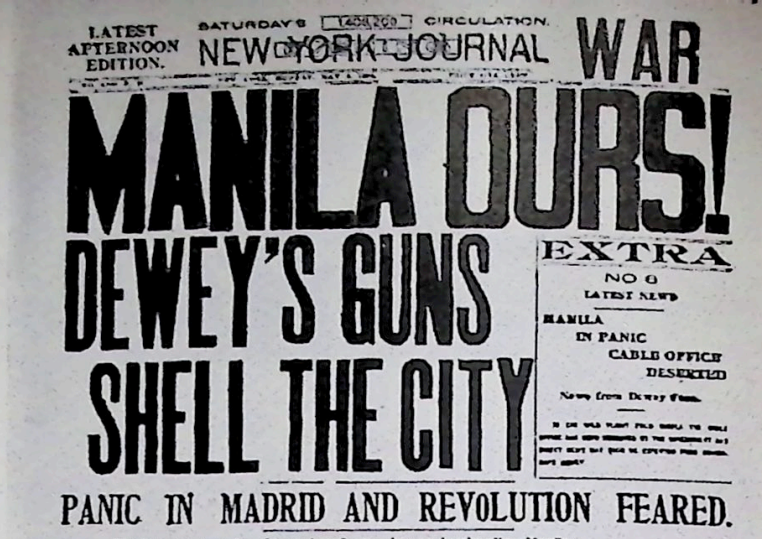
But the novel is written to be read. Well done, it catches and holds the reader's attention. It is read with eager zeal, and as rapidly as the reader's capacity permits. The reader sees, instead of a skeletonized and often disjointed narrative hung on dates, a coherent and more or less complete picture. In many cases the interest thus provoked will lead him to further reading.

John Erskine, many years ago, stated the proposition that a writer's surest way to find an audience is to write of the familiar. He proceeded to demonstrate that proposition in his own novels. But to write of the familiar has its pitfalls—for on familiar matters the reader has preconceptions, sometimes true and sometimes false. For the novelist to violate those preconceptions, whether through ignorance, or by accident, or deliberately because those preconceptions are mistaken, is to provoke in the reader's mind a question, and hence to lose some of his attention.

Herbert Spencer said the first principle of successful composition is to economize the reader's attention. So when the reader pauses to question or deny something the author has said, to that extent the author has failed.

Yet the author of the historical novel, if his work is sound, must often do just this. The American Revolution was made by the mob and the mob's leaders, and the great majority of all persons of intelligence and property were Tories, actively or passively opposing the Revolution. Yet to say this in a novel is to provoke thousands of uninformed readers to passionate and angry dissent. The careful and conscientious author must face this hurdle and surmount it if he can.

It is to enable him to do this that he pushes his study of the period with which he means to deal to the utmost lengths. An author who was willing to do so could read a school textbook of American history and write a novel about the War between the States. If his novel were interesting, his readers would accept his


LATEST AFTERNOON EDITION. SATURDAY'S [illegible] CIRCULATION.
NEW YORK JOURNAL WAR

MANILA OURS!

DEWEY'S GUNS SHELL THE CITY

EXTRA

NO 0
LATEST NEWS

MANILA IN PANIC
CABLE OFFICE DESERTED

PANIC IN MADRID AND REVOLUTION FEARED.

Washington, May 2.—Commodore Dewey is now bombarding Manila.

President McKinley has received, through the British Legation, information that the British Consul had conferred with Commodore Dewey and arrangements were made to safeguard the non-combatants. The bombardment began at once.

This means that all the Spanish ships have been disposed of; that the American fleet is intact and in fighting condition, and that Manila must fall to-day.

The authorities of Madrid have declared the city under martial law. An uprising is feared.

Madrid, May 2.—The inhabitants of Manila are fleeing in panic from the bombardment.

A dispatch from Admiral Montojo acknowledges that his fleet has been completely demolished.

Don Juan de Austria was blown up.

DEWEY MADE A CLEAN JOB OF IT.

Dewey's squadron entered Manila Bay at night. Fighting began in early morning.

Spanish Admiral deserted his flagship. Maria Cristina, then on fire.

The Whole Front Page of the *New York Evening Journal*, May 2, 1898. The reading matter "boxed" under the heading "Extra" was printed in red ink

statements as facts, for few readers know the past well enough to distinguish the true from the false, and the run-of-the-mine critic is not much better informed. Yet if the novel violates truth in little things, though it may deceive the critic, it does not always deceive the reader.

A novel appeared a few years ago, laid in the early nineteenth century, in which the hero loaded his flintlock rifle by ramming home a ball, then a wad, and then the powder. Critics in the leading newspapers acclaimed his accurate local color. But in spite of critical superlatives, readers recognized the novel for what it was—a fabrication based on ignorance—and ignored it with relative unanimity. The wise author realizes that he must seek to know whereof he speaks—that if he is ignorant, the reader will sense that fact.

The author, when he begins to investigate his period, may work from the present backward. He may read, first, relatively modern books, and then explore the volumes listed in their bibliographies, read as many of them as seem likely to be useful—and investigate their bibliographies in turn for further leads. Eventually, he will thus arrive at what might be called *source material:* official documents, private diaries in book form or in manuscript, letters, and contemporary commentaries on the events which interest him.

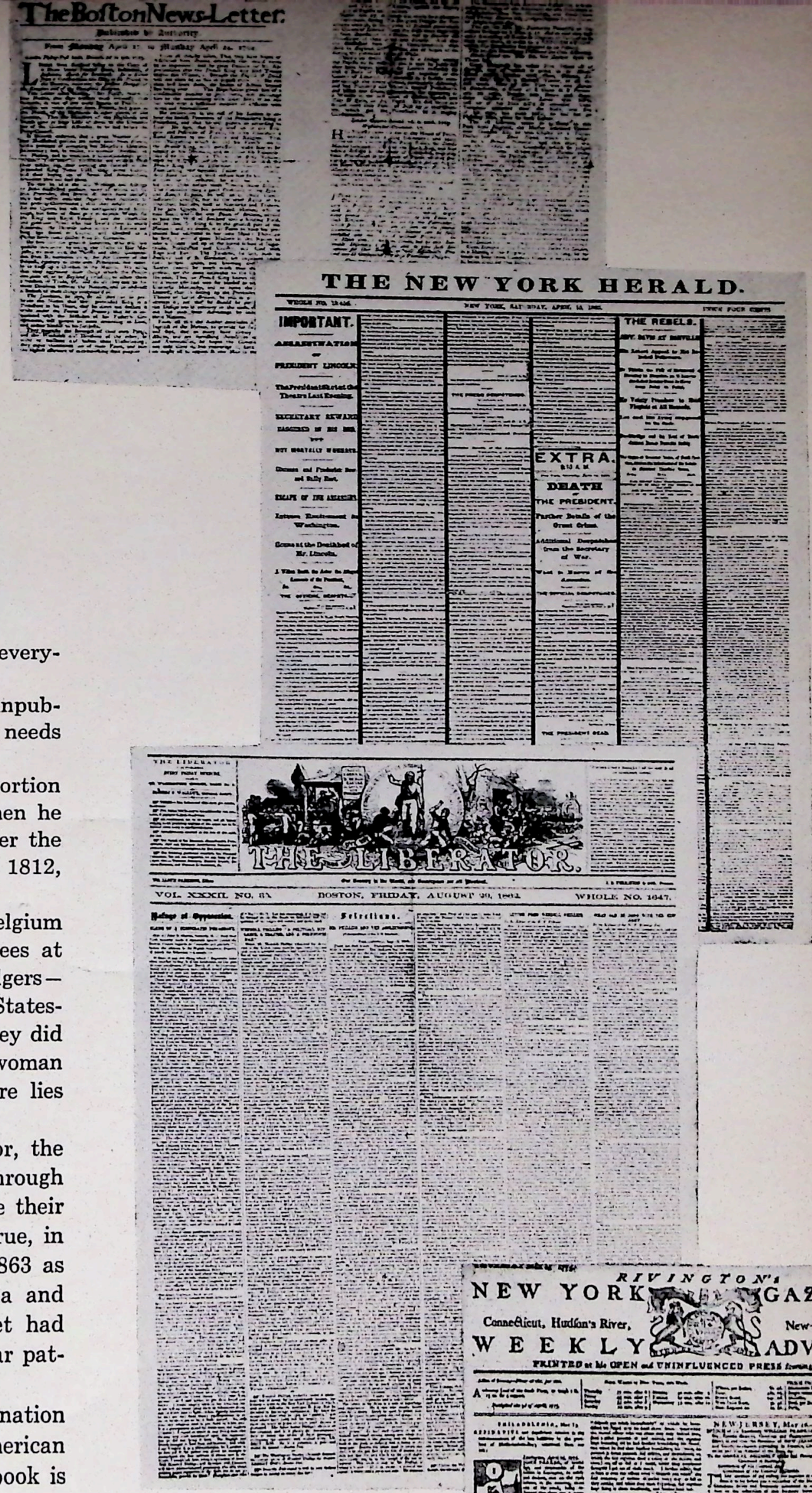
But he will learn to look with a suspicious eye on all so-called sources which have been published in book form, except such publications as the official records of the War between the States and other compendiums of original and presumably authentic documents. Published diaries—and, even more certainly—published memoirs after the fact, have all passed through the hands of some editor who may have let his personal opinions guide his pen.

Aside from published contemporary documents, and unpublished letters and diaries, the most trustworthy source materials may well be contemporary newspapers. Once published, the daily or weekly newspaper acquires a certain irrevocability. Unless an entire edition is recaptured and destroyed or reprinted, the newspaper is not subject to revision. "The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on; nor all your piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line."

To read the newspapers of the day may not give the writer an accurate picture of events, but it will tell him what—on that particular day—people thought was true. It will also tell him what they wore, what they bought and sold, what their dollars would buy, what plays they saw, what actors and actresses they admired,

Members of the fourth estate could well be termed writers of history's scrolls. Checking newspaper morgues to learn details of past events on certain days and in specific areas has become the novelist's dutiful task as much as the biographer's or the historian's. When writing "Forever Amber" Kathleen Winsor checked London papers to learn if on a particular day it had rained.

Rewards for this sleuthing are illustrated (top to bottom) by the first U. S. newspaper published, The Boston News-Letter, *April 24, 1704. It contains all the news of the day and invites researchers to "read all about it." The* New York Herald *coverage of Lincoln's assassination has been referred to by hundreds of authors. Public opinions on the emancipation question were carried in the August 29, 1862* Liberator, *the crusading abolitionist spokesman. Rivington's* New York Gazetteer *"printed at his Open and Uninfluenced Press fronting Hanover Square" contains witness accounts of the April 19, 1775 march from Lexington to Concord.*



what books they read. He will learn a thousand details of everyday life which he can learn in no other way.

In published books, in newspapers of the day, and in unpublished manuscripts, the author can find substantially all he needs or wishes to know—substantially all, but not all.

To write historical novels is to attempt to recreate some portion of the past. The first thing that the novelist discovers, when he begins to study the past, is that there is nothing new under the sun. The prophets were as consistently wrong in 1775, in 1812, in 1860, and in 1914 as they were in 1939, or in 1942.

Germans, said the propaganda, crucified Canadians in Belgium in 1914. Southerners, said the propaganda, crucified Yankees at First Manassas. Profiteers, hoarders, deserters, draft dodgers—there were as many in 1776 and in 1864 as in 1918 or 1943. Statesmen as regularly said they believed things which actually they did not believe in 1812 as in 1942. The ordinary man and woman as readily pretended to believe statements they knew were lies in 1864 as in 1918 or in 1945.

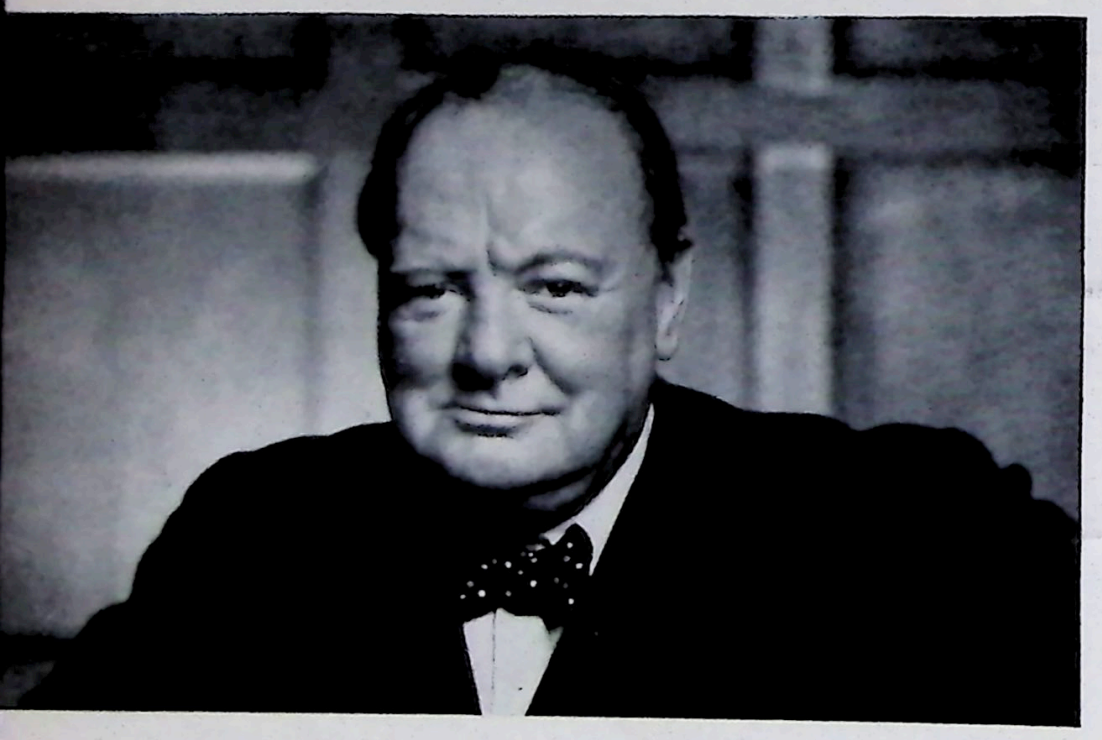
The abrogation of common sense, the credulity of terror, the factitious hatred of the enemy—such manifestations persist through history. The newspapers as eagerly distorted facts to please their readers, or stated as true what they know could not be true, in the past as in the present. In late June and early July 1863 as many Southerners believed Lee had captured Philadelphia and Baltimore as Americans in 1940 believed the British fleet had entered Oslo Harbor and ordered the Germans out. The war pattern is always the same. Only names are changed.

No man knows himself unless he knows his ancestors. No nation knows itself unless it knows its past. A knowledge of American history derived from a semester's study of a 250-page textbook is worse than no knowledge at all. The valid historical novel may synthesize the contents of half-a-thousand volumes in a few hundred pages.

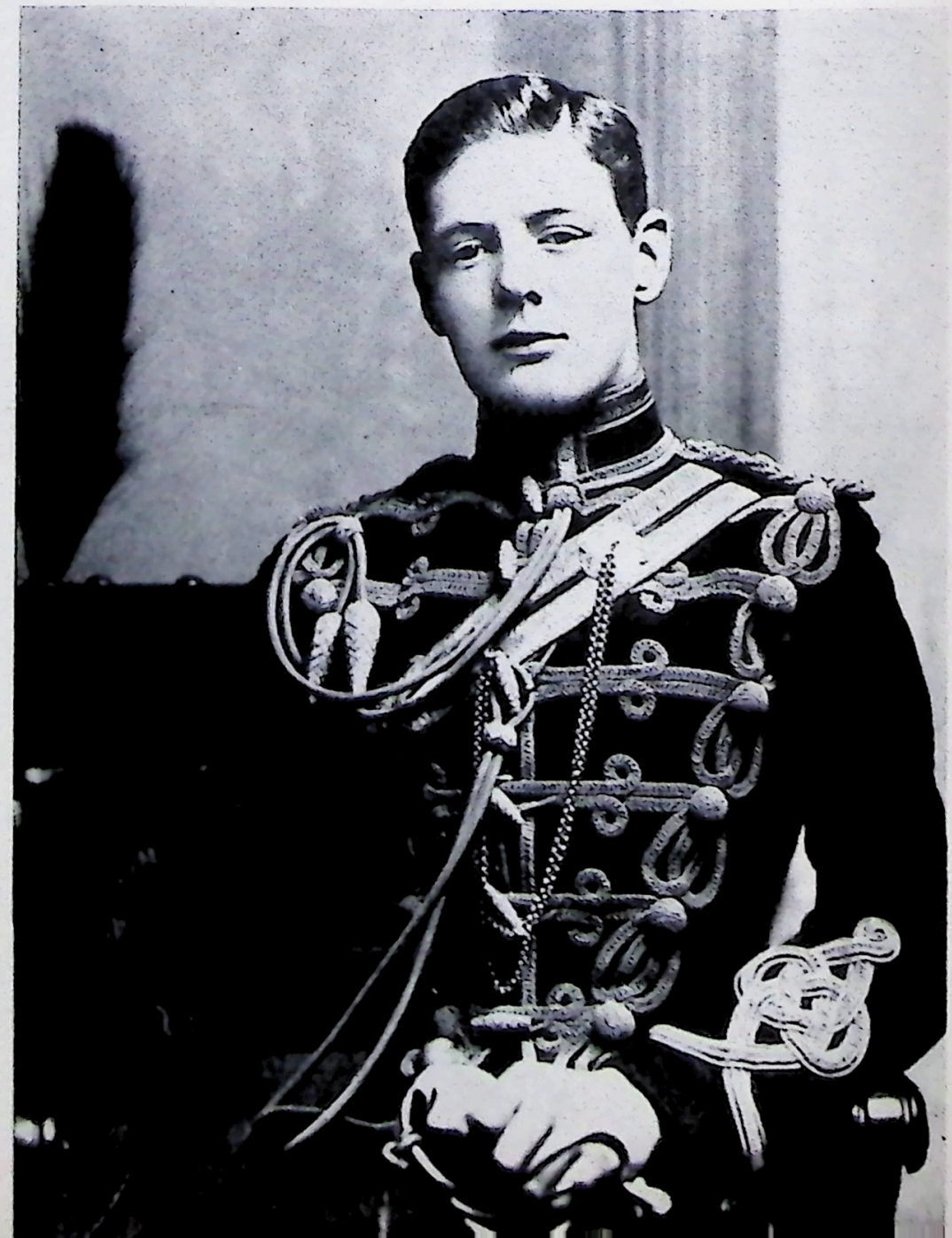
The matter included in one chapter in a textbook may go to make a hundred such novels. To write such novels is not only to amuse and entertain, it is to give the reader some knowledge of at least one aspect of his country's past.

And it is important for every citizen to have this knowledge. By knowing the past he can more intelligently know the present. The text of every sound historical novel is the same. There is no past. The past is now. ♦

Sir Winston Churchill's earliest photograph is with his American-born mother, Jennie Jerome.



WINSTON CHURCHILL



At 24, Sir Winston wore the uniform of the Fourth Hussars. Though his uniforms changed character in subsequent years, he has remained in his country's service for more than half-a-century.

history-maker

by Charles Eade

For more than half a century Sir Winston Churchill has been a personality of international interest and importance. From the adventurous days of his youthful escapades in the Boer War and the publication of his first controversial writings on the operations of the Malakand Field Force, Churchill has never for long been out of the public eye or the newspaper headlines.

His dazzling and often stormy career has stretched from the solid, settled Victorian Era to the new and hopeful promise of a second Elizabethan Age. He has gloried in triumphs such as few men have achieved and he has suffered defeats, disappointments, humiliations and derision in a measure seldom experienced by any other man in public life.

He has been mocked and isolated in Parliament and yet lived to see his critics hail him as the greatest parliamentarian of modern times—perhaps of all time. He was cheered as the architect of victory in the greatest war in history and then hurled from office by the very people he had led through the terror to triumph.

Today he stands alone, pre-eminent among the great men of his age and high among all the giants of world history.

It is difficult to find a historical parallel to the many-sided career of Winston Churchill. His versatility and his achievements in so many different spheres of activity make him unique. There have been many statesmen who were also writers of high quality, many orators who were also men of action, many politicians who dabbled in the arts, many soldiers who experimented with the paint brush and, no doubt, some historians who have also ridden to hounds, piloted an airplane or built a brick wall. The existence of any other man who has done all these things—and many more besides—remains unknown.

No one can be compared to Churchill in the wide range of his interests, the magnitude of his achievements and the number of roles he has played with distinction. He began his career as a soldier, soon turned to the more lucrative field of journalism, burst at an early age into national politics and rose to world eminence as a great war leader and elder statesman admired and respected by men and women throughout the free world.

In Parliament he has, at various times, shouldered responsibility for the Army, Navy, Air Force, Finance, Colonies, Trade, Munitions, Home Affairs and National Defense as well as borne the supreme burden of the premiership with a vigorous interlude as Leader of the Opposition.

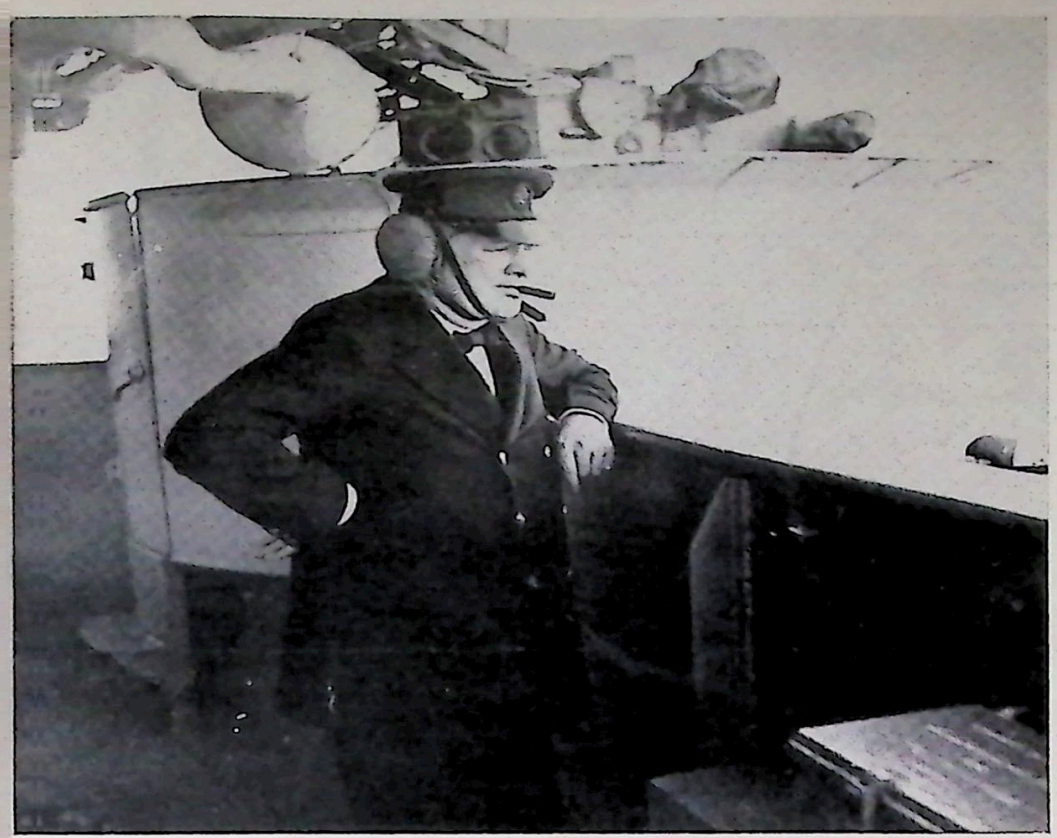
As a writer he has been a war correspondent, novelist, biographer, historian, reviewer, essayist and the contributor of innumerable topical articles on a wide range of subjects to newspapers and magazines throughout the world.

In his leisure hours he has embraced the delights of hunting, painting in oils, bricklaying, fencing, flying, polo, farming, horse racing, shooting wild animals in Africa and collecting tropical fish.

His war speeches will live as long as the English language. He has a mastery of words, both written and spoken, attained by few men. He has displayed his skill as an organizer and administrator. He has given intelligent encouragement to the more practical forms of science. His theories on strategy have usually been justified by events. His prophecies, though occasionally derided, have, more often than not, been ultimately fulfilled; indeed it is given to few to see so clearly into the future as he can. ♦

As combatant and journalist, Churchill saw action in three campaigns in four years. Following the Boer War, in 1898, when he was 25 (at left), a golden future was prophesied for him and he was referred to as "the youngest man in Europe." A silver-tongued and hereditary statesman with the 20th century in his marrow, he began in politics as a Tory democrat . . . "Tory—the opinion—might change; democrat—the methods—never."

His hats, objects of public fancy, tell his precocious successes. It was Major Churchill (below), who wore a shrapnel helmet at Camblain L'Abbe in 1915; the Secretary of State for War (lower left) wearing a top hat in 1919; and Prime Minister Churchill in his early flying days seated in a cockpit (lower right) wearing a flyer's helmet and goggles.



Presaging "blood, toil, tears and sweat" for his country and his people against the "hated enemy," Churchill himself was the inspirer, the stimulus, the magnitude for his people and, for the Allies, a symbol staunch and ready for action. Testing his sea legs on trips to the United States to confer with the President and high military or reviewing the British Marines as Lord Warden, Churchill's inexhaustible energies had the air of the grand style. V-for-Victory—his gesture of genius—was the most powerful universal symbol the world has ever known. It was the universal language of the Allied endurance and thrust.

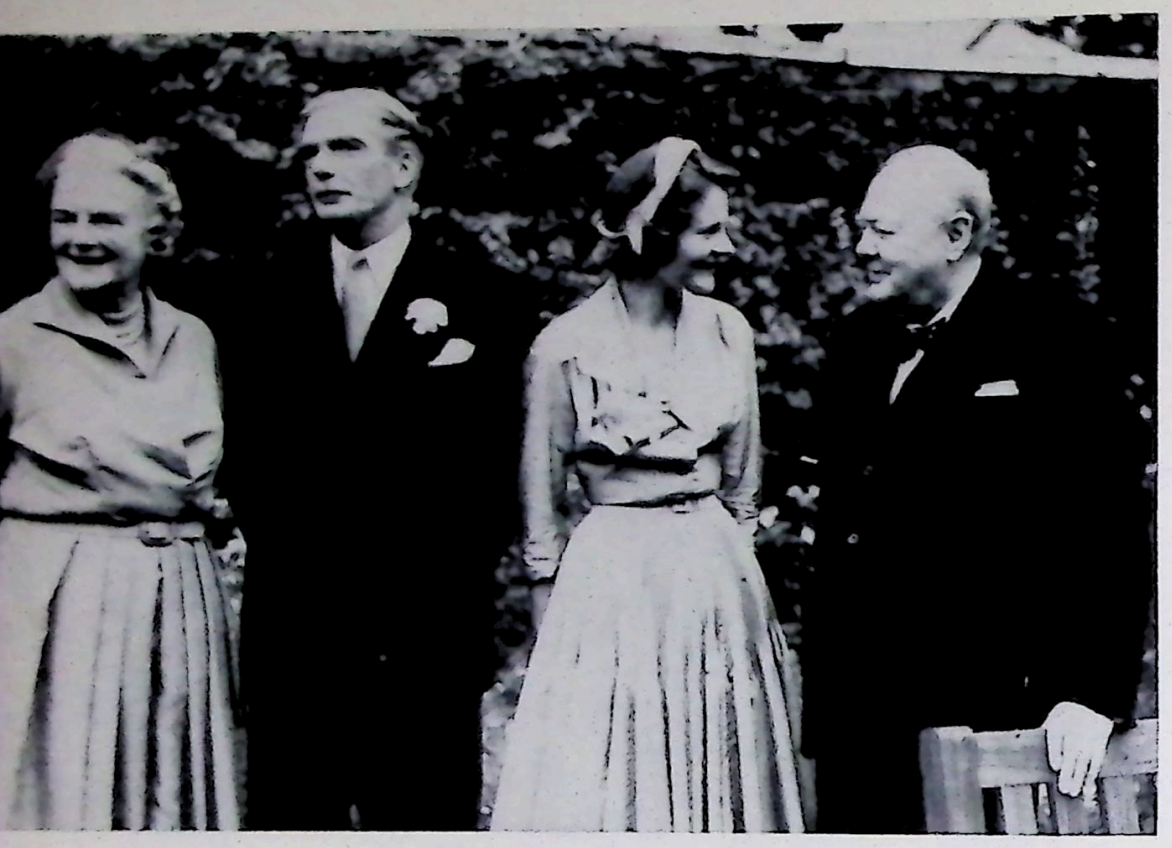
"The Big Three," Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin are shown at left at the Yalta Conference in February, 1945, with (l. to r.) Sir Anthony Eden; U. S. Secretary of State, Edward Stettinius; the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Alexander Cadogan; Russian Commissar Vyacheslav Molotov; and U. S. Ambassador to Russia, W. Averell Harriman.

A familiar figure to troops from Fort Jackson, South Carolina, to Tunis, North Africa, Churchill's globe-trotting survey took a spacious view in the crucible of war. He was a "standard bearer" and even his lengthening of the vowels in "Nas-ies" carried a message of contempt.

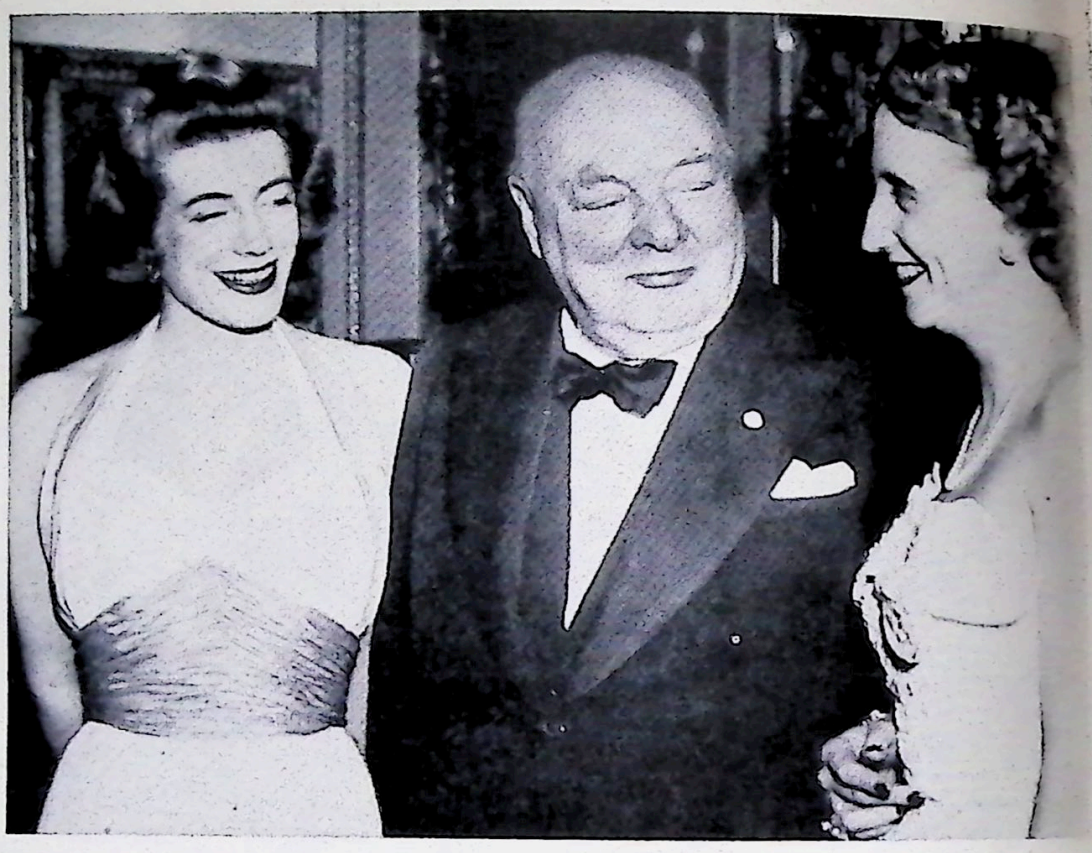
Soldiers, at home or abroad, know Churchill's gift for facile friendship. Here he is pictured on a visit to an anti-aircraft battery where he noticed British soldiers laying bricks. "Do you have your union cards as bricklayers?" He asked. "Here, let me lay one for you."

Though outwardly not too modest, Churchill coated his omniscience with light-heartedness and made it a valuable foil to Generals Eisenhower (left) and George C. Marshall (below). His ability to impress, persuade and dominate in his conversation, in speeches, in the British Cabinet are unparalleled dynamics and mark him as a man of his time.

Churchill's best humor is kept for private moments with family and friends. Though his consuming career may have deprived his family of many human enjoyments, his domestic happiness has been a bulwark to his success. Of his family, Churchill boasts unbroken male descent on his mother's side through "five generations from a lieutenant who served in George Washington's army."

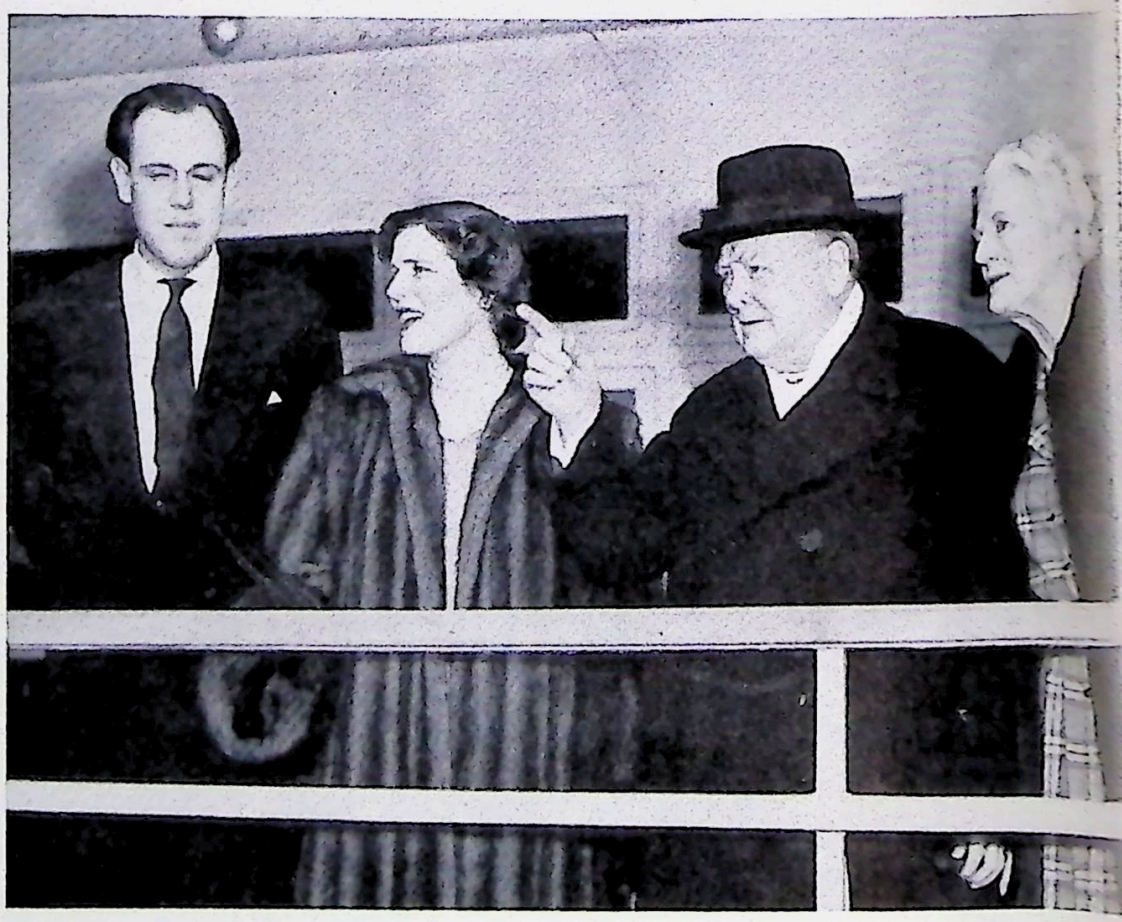


A happy occasion for the Churchills was the marriage of their niece, Clarissa, to Sir Anthony Eden.



With his daughter, Sarah, Winston Churchill chats with Margaret Truman at a diplomatic reception in Washington.

Sir Winston and Lady Churchill read the citation presented by the British Legion in honor of his 80th birthday.



Daughter Mary and husband are shown with the Churchills on arrival for Sir Winston's U. S. lecture tour in 1949.

Sir Winston Churchill is shown at Queen Elizabeth's right in a group portrait taken at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. (L. to r.) Sir Godfrey Huggins (Rhodesia and Nyasaland), Mohammed Ali (Pakistan), R. G. Menzies (Australia), the Hon. C. R. Swart (for South African Prime Minister), Sir Winston, Her Majesty, S. G. Holland (New Zealand), L. S. St. Laurent (Canada), Jawaharlal Nehru (India), and Sir John Kotelawala (Ceylon). Churchill's determination to see the Commonwealth again reign with supremacy in world trade may have incited unity with words he spoke in 1904: "this great free market where distribution of the good things of earth is not distorted and twisted by the avarice and the folly of men."

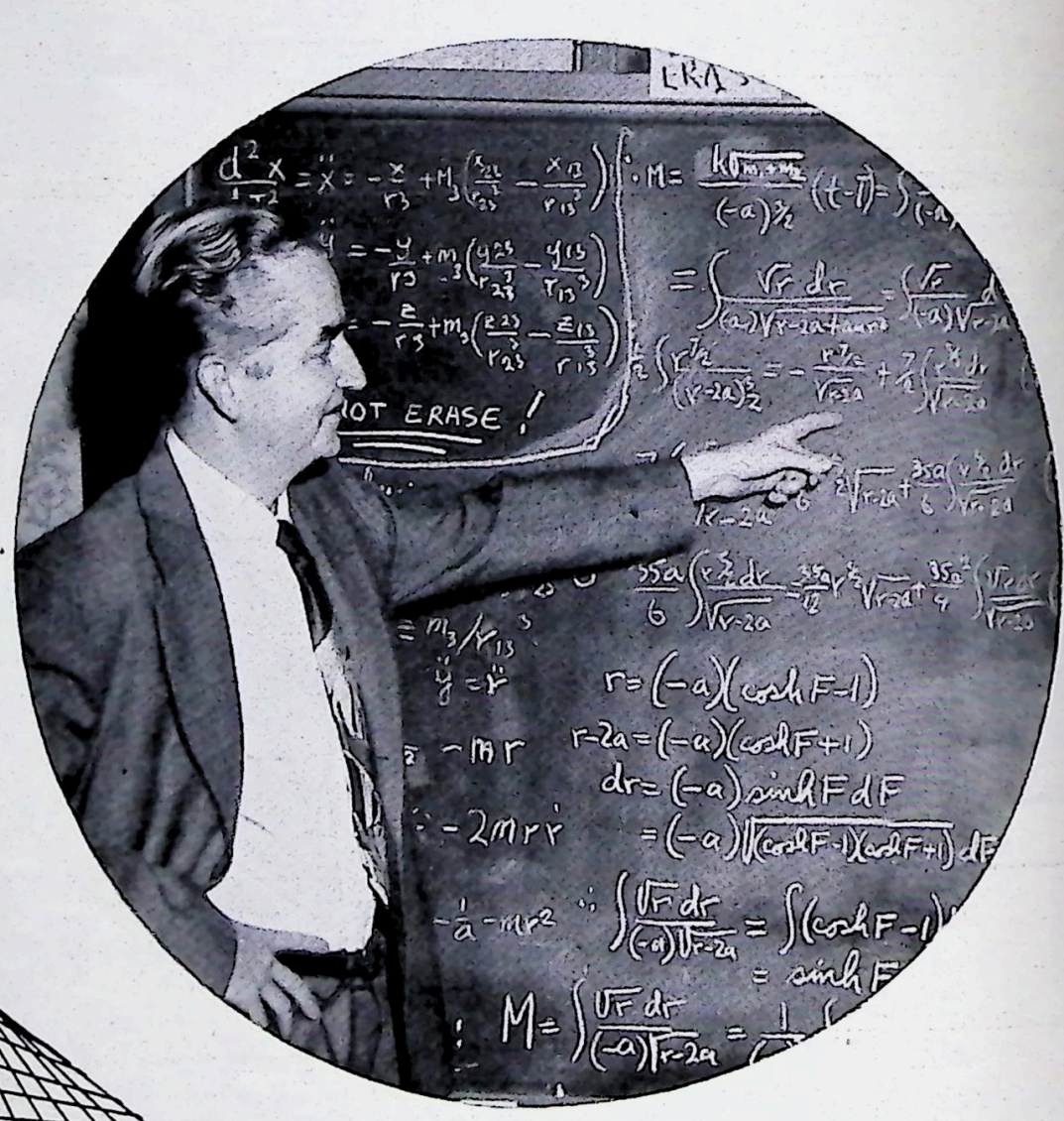
A gallant gentleman by breeding, to his Queen a man of servitude and magnitude, Sir Winston Churchill is shown walking to the Chapel of St. George at Windsor, where he was installed as a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. He is one of the few commoners to be so honored by this traditional ceremony.

Whether its mounting for the hunt or sitting at his easel, Sir Winston counterpoises his heavy schedule as a biographer, historian and statesman with his hobbies. Though his avid interest in racing once became a concern in Parliament, the racing crowds love to shout "good old Winnie" whenever his horses win.

As a philosopher, as an artist, he has said "painting is a friend who makes no undue demands, excites no exhausting pursuits, keeps pace even with feeble steps, and holds her canvas as a screen between us and the envious eyes of Time or the surly advance of Decrepitude." When Churchill bought a farm as one of his leisure pursuits, knowing little about farming, he was heard to remark, "I'll make it pay, whatever it costs." Never-take-no-for-an-answer has ever been the Churchillian motto.

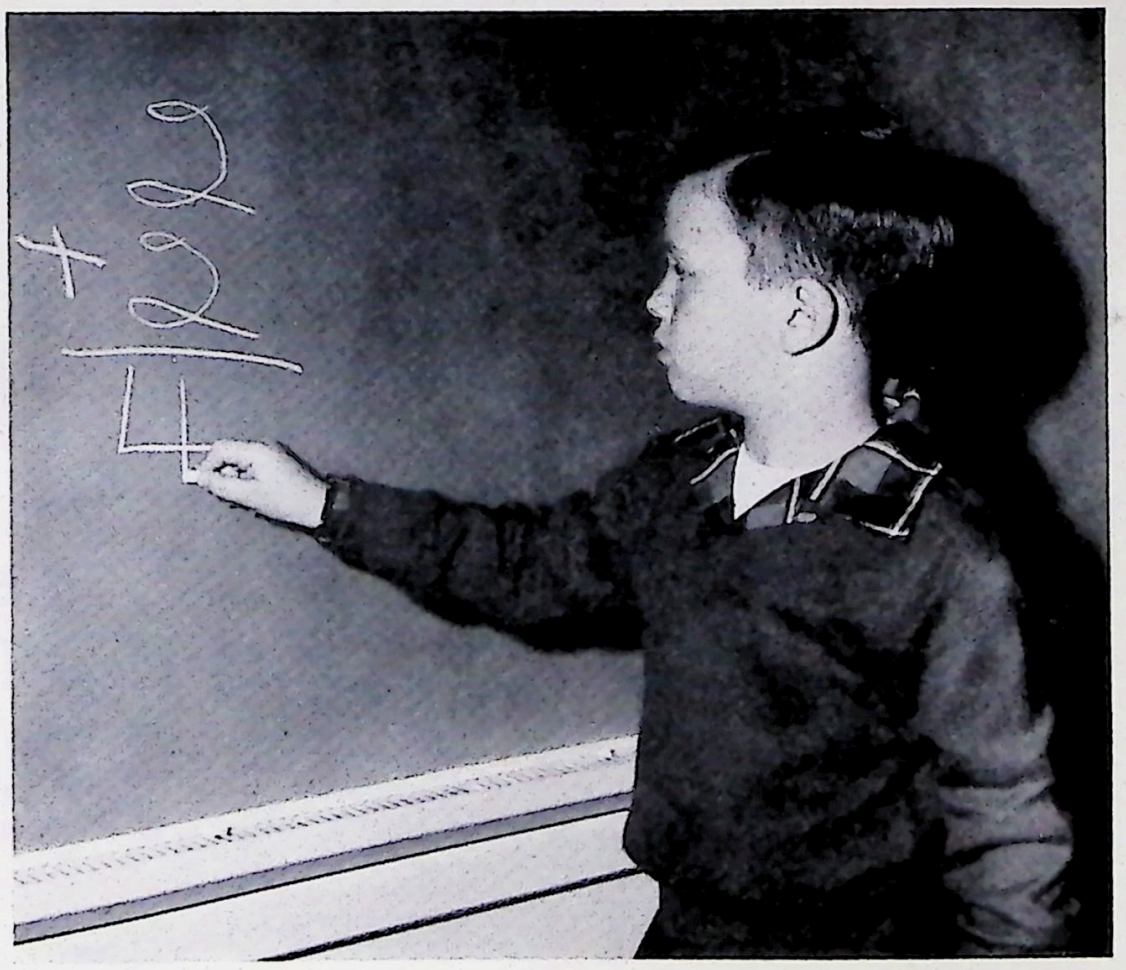
Churchillian charm and wit and his genial beam expressing so many emotions have been a tonic to cartoonists and social assets which make him a most desirable guest. On his way to Jamaica, Sir Winston spent three days at the home of Bernard Baruch and is shown above with his host and President Eisenhower. At the right, he is greeted by the First Lady on his arrival at the White House. As a representative of his country, he has won friends the world over. He personifies the British John Bull and is among the greatest Englishmen known in history. "Anyone who has anything constructive to offer his country," he advises, "should make his way to the House of Commons, for it is there that the ultimate seat of power is to be found." After the war, in his Fulton speech, Sir Winston Churchill said, "Any private ambitions I may have cherished in my younger days have been satisfied beyond my wildest dreams."

MATHEMATICS



is what you make it!

by W. W. Sawyer



Many people regard mathematicians as a race apart, possessed of almost supernatural powers. While this is very flattering for successful mathematicians, it is very bad for those who, for one reason or another, are attempting to learn the subject.

Mathematical thinking is a tool. There is no point in acquiring it unless you mean to use it. It would be far better to spend time in physical exercise, which would at least promote health of body.

Further, it is extremely bad for human beings to acquire the habit of cowardice in any field. The ideal of mental health is to be ready to face any problem which life may bring—not to rush hastily, with averted eyes, past places where difficulties are found. Quite certainly the cause does *not* lie in the nature of the subject itself. The most convincing proof of this is the fact that people in their everyday occupations—when they are making something—do, as a matter of fact, reason along lines *which are essentially the same as those used in mathematics:* but they are unconscious of this fact, and would be appalled if anyone suggested that they should take a course in mathematics.

The fear of mathematics is a tradition handed down from days when the majority of teachers knew little about human nature, and nothing at all about the nature of mathematics itself. What they did teach was an imitation.

Nearly every subject has a shadow, or imitation. It would, I suppose, be quite possible to teach a deaf and dumb child to play the piano. When it played a wrong note, it would see the frown of its teacher and try again. But it would obviously have no idea of what it was doing or why anyone should devote hours to such an extraordinary exercise. It would have learned an imitation of music. And it would fear the piano exactly as most students fear what is supposed to be mathematics.

Real education makes howlers impossible, but this is the least of its advantages. Much more important is the saving of unnecessary strain, the achievement of security and confidence in mind. It is far easier to learn the real subject properly, than to learn the imitation badly. And the real subject is interesting. So long as a subject seems dull, you can be sure that you are approaching it from the wrong angle.

All discoveries, all great achievements have been made by men who delighted in their work. And these men were normal, they were not freaks or highbrows.

To master anything—from football to relativity—requires effort. But it does *not* require *unpleasant* effort, drudgery. The main task of any teacher is to make a subject interesting. If a child left school at ten, knowing nothing of detailed information, but knowing the pleasure that comes from agreeable music, from reading, from making things, from finding things out, it would be better off than a man who left college at 22, full of facts but without any desire to inquire further into such dry domains.

Right at the beginning of any course, there should be painted a vivid picture of the benefits that can be expected from mastering the subject, and at every step there should be some appeal to curiosity or to interest which will make that step worthwhile.

Bad teaching is almost entirely responsible for the dislike which is shown in such words as "highbrow." Children want to know things, they want to do things. Teachers do not have to put life into them: the life is there, waiting for an outlet. All that is needed is to preserve and to direct its flow.

Too often, unfortunately, teaching seems to proceed on the philosophy that adults have to do dull jobs and that children should get used to dull work as quickly as possible. The result is an entirely justified hatred and contempt for all kinds of learning and intellectual life.

For instance, many people who would be paralysed if you said to them, "kindly explain to me the geometrical construction for a rectangle" would have no difficulty at all if you said, "please tell me a good way to make a table."

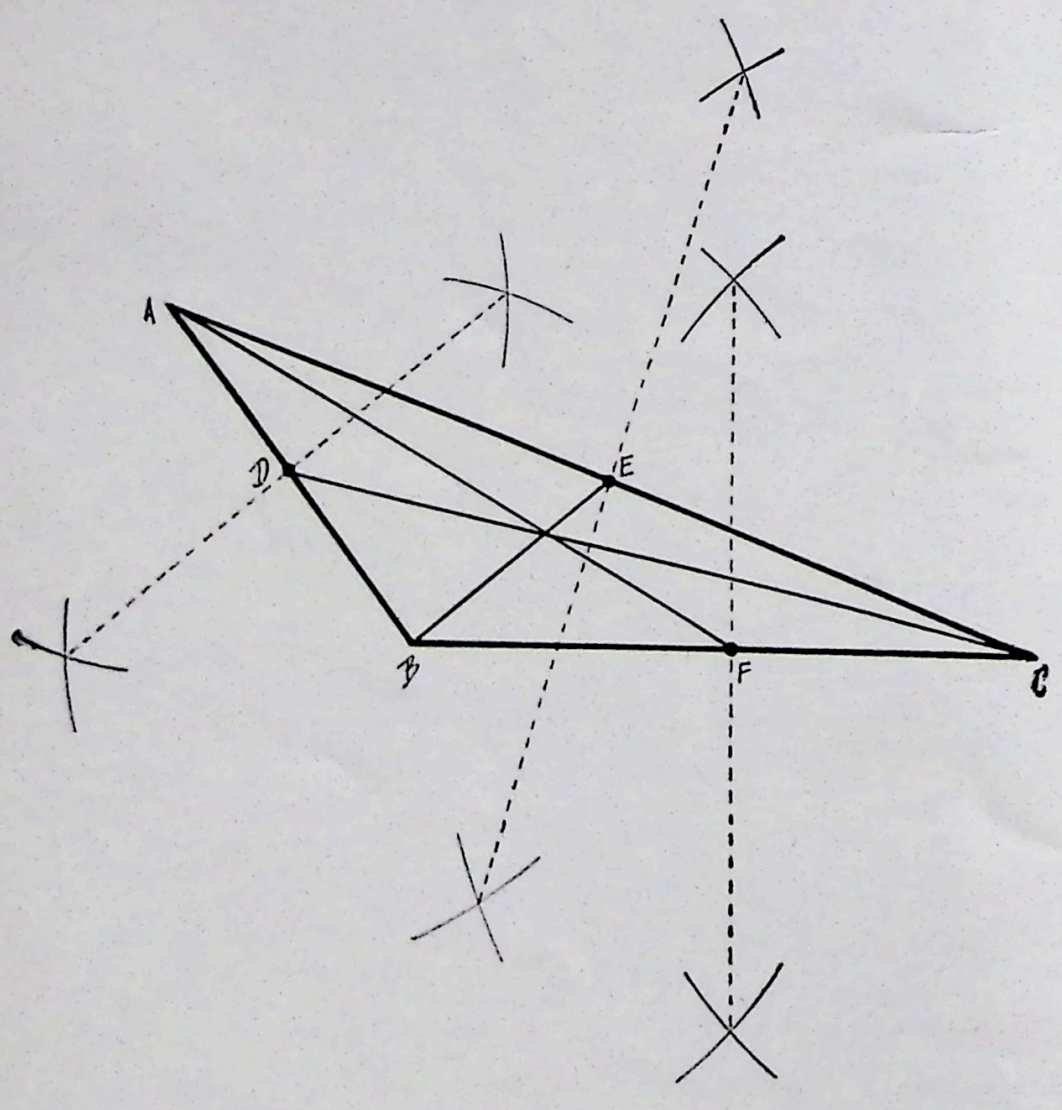
Anyone who understands what a table should look like understands what a rectangle is. You will find a lot about rectangles in books on geometry, because this shape is so important in practical life—though the older geometry books give no hint of this reason *why* we study rectangles.

Another craft which uses rectangles is bricklaying. An ordinary brick has a rectangle on top, below, at the ends and sides. Why? It is easy to guess. The bricks have to be laid level if they are not to slide.

No one will have any difficulty in following such an argument.

Why then do people dislike geometry? Partly because it is a mystery to them: they do not realize (and are not told) how close it lies to everyday life. Secondly, because mathematics is supposed to be *perfect*. There is nothing in the geometry book about shapes being *nearly* triangles or *almost* rectangles, while it is quite common for a door or table to be just a little out of true. This perfection puts people off.

The first mathematicians, then, were practical men, carpenters and builders. This fact has left its mark on the very words used in the subject. What is a straight line? If you look up "straight" in the dictionary, you will find that it comes from an old English word for "stretched," while "line" is the same word as "linen," or "linen thread." A straight line, then, is a stretched linen thread—as anyone who is digging potatoes or laying bricks knows.



Euclid puts it rather differently. He says a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. But how do you find the shortest distance between two points? If you take a tape measure from one point to the other, and then pull one end as hard as you can, so that as little as possible of the tape measure is left between the two points, you will have found the shortest path from one to the other. And the tape measure will be "stretched" in exactly the same way as the builder's or gardener's "line."

If you are told to define something, ask yourself, "how would I make such a thing in practice?"

The Great Pyramid was built in 3900 B. C., by rules based on practical experience. Euclid's system did not appear until 3600 *years later*. It is quite unfair to expect children to start studying geometry in the form that Euclid gave it. One cannot leap 3600 years of human effort so lightly! The best way to learn geometry is to follow the road which the human race originally followed: *Do* things, *make* things, *notice* things, *arrange* things, and then—*reason* about things.

Above all, do not try to hurry. Mathematics, as you can see, does not advance rapidly. The important thing is to be sure that you know what you are talking about, to have a clear picture in your mind. Keep turning things over in your mind until you have a vivid realization of each idea. Once you have learned how to think in clear pictures, you will advance quickly, without strain. But it is fatal to advance and to leave the enemy—confused thought—in your rear. Rather than this, start again at the multiplication tables!

Mathematics teaches us how to solve puzzles. Everyone knows that it is easy to do a puzzle if someone has told you the answer. That is simply a test of memory. You can claim to be a mathematician if, and only if, you feel that you will be able to solve a puzzle that neither you, nor anyone else, has studied before. That is the test of reasoning.

Mathematical reasoning does at first sight seem to be in a class by itself. It seems to find a place neither in the experimental sciences nor in the creative arts.

Mathematics seems a peculiar subject. It is not a matter of taste. In it, more than in any other science, there is an answer which is right and an answer which is wrong. But, on the other hand, it does not seem to deal with anything definite.

The essential point to grasp is that *mathematical reasoning* is not separate from the other powers of the mind, nor is mathematics separate from the rest of life. Quite the opposite, mathematics has grown from the rest of life and reasoning has grown from experience.

European explorers who told tropical peoples of the northern winter, when water became like a stone and men could walk on it, were met with polite disbelief. The natives looked at the warm sea waves rolling beneath the palm trees and refused to believe in ice. It was outside their experience: they were familiar with the "tales of travelers."

Imagination does not always give us the correct answer. We can only argue correctly about things of which we have experience or which are reasonably like the things we know well. If our reasoning leads us to an untrue conclusion, the fault lies with our reasoning. We must revise the picture in our minds and learn to imagine things as they are.

When we find ourselves unable to reason (as one often does when presented with, say, a problem in algebra) it is because our imagination is not touched. One can begin to reason only when a clear picture has been formed in the imagination.

Bad teaching is teaching which presents an endless procession of meaningless signs, words and rules, and fails to arouse the imagination. ♦

Parlez-Vous ... ENGLISH?

by Art Buchwald

Have you ever wondered why the French people speak English the way they do? Well, I haven't been exactly preoccupied with the problem myself, but the other day someone gave me a copy of the book called *La Langue Anglaise en 30 Lecons*, by Georges Guilaine, and it explained a lot of things.

For example, M. Guilaine tells his students
How is your mother? is pronounced "Haou iz yor mozeur?"

Some other examples are:
I hope to go to the country.—"Ai hope tou go tou ze kunn'tri."
Give me a third-class ticket.—"Guive me a seurd class tik-kett."
Please show me the booking office for luggage.—
"Pliize sho me ze boukigne of-fice for leugguedge."
On the left.—"On ze lefte."
On the right.—"On ze raitt."
We are coming to a station.—"Oui are kummigne tou e stecheun."
We must change for Dover.—"Oui meust tche-nndje for Doveur."

There are also helpful expressions for a Frenchman on a boat:
How long before landing?—"Haou lonngue biffor lanndigne?"
Five hours and-a-half. – "Faive aou-eurz ennd é haff."
Please unlock your trunk. – "Pliize eunn-loq yor treunque."
Have you anything liable to duty?—"Hav you ene-zingne laibeul tou dioute?"

And when a Frenchman arrives at his hotel:
Coachman, here is what I owe you. – "Kotch-mann, hir iz houte ai o you."
How much is a two-bedded room? – "Haou mutch iz e tou beddede roum?"
Please tell boots to black my shoes. – "Pliize tel boutse tou blak mai shouze."
Order a cab. – "Ordeur e kabb."
Thanks, I never smoke. – "Sanks, ai neveurr smoke."

Well, anyhow that gives you some idea of why Frenchmen speak English the way they do. Zay all take zaire lessons from M. Guilaine and eetz e good thing zay dou. ♦

GOD'S GREATEST GIFT

by Joshua Loth Liebman

Once, as a young man of exuberant fancy, I undertook to draw up a catalogue of the acknowledged "goods" of life. As other men sometimes tabulate lists of properties they own or would like to own, I set down my inventory of earthly desirables: *health*, *love*, *beauty*, *talent*, *power*, *riches*, and *fame*—together with several minor ingredients of what I considered man's perfect portion.

When my inventory was completed I proudly showed it to a wise elder who had been the mentor and spiritual model of my youth. Perhaps I was trying to impress him with my precocious wisdom and the universality of my interests. Anyway, I handed him the list. "This," I told him confidently, "is the sum of mortal goods. Could a man possess them all, he would be as a god."

At the corners of my friend's old eyes, I saw wrinkles of amusement gathering in a patient net. "An excellent list," he said, pondering it thoughtfully. "Well digested in content and set down in not-unreasonable order. But it appears, my young friend, that you have omitted the most important element of all. You have forgotten the one ingredient, which lacking each possession becomes a hideous torment, and your list as a whole an intolerable burden."

"And what," I asked, peppering my voice with truculence, "is that missing ingredient?"

With a pencil stub he crossed out my entire schedule. Then, having demolished my adolescent dream structure at a single stroke, he wrote down three syllables: *peace of mind*.

"This is the gift that God reserves for His special proteges," he said. "Talent and beauty He gives to many. Wealth is commonplace, fame not rare. But peace of mind—that is His final guerdon of approval, the fondest sign of His love. He bestows it charily. Most men are never blessed with it; others wait all their lives—yes, far into advanced age—for this gift to descend upon them."

He scanned the doubt on my young forehead. "This is no private opinion of mine," he explained. "I am merely paraphrasing from the Psalmists, Marcus Aurelius, and Lao-tse." (It was a favorite trick of his to assign his own hard-won wisdom to ancient teachers.) " 'God, Lord of the universe,' says each of these wise ones, 'heaps worldly gifts at the feet of foolish men. But on my head pour only the sweet waters of serenity. Give me the gift of the Untroubled Mind.' "

At that time I found it difficult wholly to believe the wisdom of my rabbinic friend. But a quarter of a century of personal experience and professional observation has served only to confirm his almost oracular utterance. I have come to understand that peace of mind is the characteristic mark of God Himself, and that it has always been the true goal of the considered life. I know now that the sum of all other possessions does not necessarily add up to peace of mind. On the other hand, I have seen this inner tranquillity flourish without the material supports of property or even the buttress of physical health. Slowly, painfully, I have learned that peace of mind may transform a cottage into a spacious manor hall. The want of it can make a regal park an imprisoning nutshell.

The quest for this unwearied inner peace is constant and universal. Probe deeply into the teachings of Buddha, Maimonides, or a Kempis, and you will discover that they base their diverse doctrines on the foundations of a large spiritual serenity. Analyze the prayers of troubled, overborne mankind of all creeds, in every age—and their petitions come down to the irreducible common denominators of daily bread and inward peace. Grown men do not pray for vain trifles. When they lift up their hearts and voices in this valley of tears they ask for strength and courage and understanding.

Especially today, when the prayers of men ascend, mourning and wailing to the Bestower of Gifts, they plead for an inward tranquillity that is both a fortress and a sanctuary. And with reason. Modern man is treading a narrow defile that skirts an Inferno of such destruction as Dante could not envision nor Dore depict.

Stricken by psychic anxieties, cloven by emotional conflicts, beset by economic insecurities, assailed by political doubts and cynicisms, the plucked rooster, man, is a peculiarly vulnerable fowl as he struts along the path of civilization. He has crowed a good deal in his time, rather bravely in spots. But now he begins to suspect that the ax of destiny is being sharpened for his neck. He trembles, pales, calls for madder music, stronger wine to drown the approaching specter of his fate. For the fact emerges that contemporary man is afraid!

In his fear he casts about for devices and techniques of salvation—something that will carry him through new dangers and give him sorely needed courage to face the old ones.

What he needs is not a set of reassuring answers—for no such formula of reassurance exists—but rather an inner equilibrium, a spiritual stability that is proof against confusion and disaster. Peace of mind must not be identified with ivory-tower escapism from the hurly-burly of life, nor is it, as Whitehead points out, "a negative conception of anesthesia." Rather, it enables us to accept the pummelings of fate and fortune with equanimity—even with a kind of eagerness sprung of the sure knowledge that such buffetings cannot divert us from our creative life course.

Serious-minded social reformers ask in all sincerity: "Have men the *right* to peace of mind today? Is anyone morally justified even in contemplating this state when the world is in such a tumult of reconstruction?" We reply: "No reconstructed society can be built on unreconstructed individuals. Personal unbalance *never* leads to social stability. And peace of mind is the indispensable prerequisite of individual and social balance."

This shockproof balance must be achieved *inside* the soul. "Man must be arched and buttressed from within," says Marcus Aurelius, "else the temple wavers to the dust." But these sustaining arches can never be raised until man's soul is at peace with itself.

Quite an undertaking! Clearly, peace of mind is not something that can be bought in bottles or applied like a cosmetic to the surface of the skin. It cannot be attained by taking a tablet before meals or by enrolling for a "course" three evenings a week. I sometimes think that long and intimate association with noble works—literary, philosophic, artistic—is a splendid promoter of inward peace, but then I recall that many of the greatest savants and artists were pitifully restless men, driven relentlessly to the frantic completion of their appointed labors.

No, intellectualism does not always confer peace of mind. Goethe's Faust—in many ways the archetype of troubled modern man—possessed a hard-earned mastery of science, philosophy, and mathematics. Yet we know of the sorry bargain that this tormented hero made with the powers of evil in his search for contentment.

To what then shall we turn for instruction in the difficult art of being at peace with ourselves? Not to alcohol—though feverishly excessive drinking is apparently on the increase. Not to barbiturates—though increasing millions of grains are being swallowed by Americans in their search for sedative repose. Neither shall we find lasting solace in sensual indulgence, though all too many motion pictures and fantasy magazines glorify these activities as the be-all and end-all of life.

Certainly we shall not find peace in the race for fame—"that last infirmity of noble mind," as Milton terms it—nor in the furious pursuit of wealth which slips like quicksilver through our grasping fingers. Nor is tranquillity to be gained by summoning up the "thousand stupefying nothings" of an hour—for although they "benumb us at our call," the old restlessness returns as soon as we stop our waterbug dartings and chair-hoppings. And finally, not even in the sublime sharings of human love—that emotion which most powerfully conveys (and sometimes mars) the illusion of perfect happiness—is peace of mind reliably to be found.

Where then shall we look, at what bar shall we sue, what posture shall we take, what principle invoke, in this endless, basic, and all-important quest for peace of mind?

Worthy questions, deserving of thoughtful, sincere answers. The key to the problem, a simple enough instrument if only we dare use it, is to be found in Matthew Arnold's noble poem, *Empedocles on Etna*. Empedocles the Greek philosopher, soliloquizing atop the volcanic mountain, surveys the troubled world below, anatomizes man's griefs, brings all his faculties to the solution of the question which then, as now, canvassed the possibility of mortal contentment amidst scenes of immortal discontent. Empedocles, convinced that man is the maker of his own restless grief, coolly declares:

We would have inward peace
But will not look within...

But will not look within! Here, in a single phrase, our willfulness is bared by the poet's ruthless incision. We are like stubborn invalids who know they are ill but will not accept the sharp prescription of cure. Hold the mirror up to our sallow complexions? Never! Such scrutiny would demand that we trace our symptoms inward to the sick source of our misery—our secret troubled soul. Unthinkable! Yet until we do so trace our malady, there can be no hope for recovery and we may as well resign ourselves to the half life of the coward and self-cheat.

Practically, it is not an easy matter to "look within." Techniques *do* exist however, and until quite recently religion seemed to have a monopoly on them. Spiritual meditation has always been the gateway to special kind of self-knowledge and, certainly, a rich reward awaits the contemplative soul that can commune with itself under the solitary laburnum of thought.

Within the past half-century, and rapidly within the last decade, there has been developed a new method of gaining insight into the deepest emotional and psychologic disturbances that threaten man's peace of mind. This new technique pioneered by Sigmund Freud is a means of investigating the profound basic drives of men, and of discovering how, when, and why these fundamental energies have become diverted into neurotic channels.

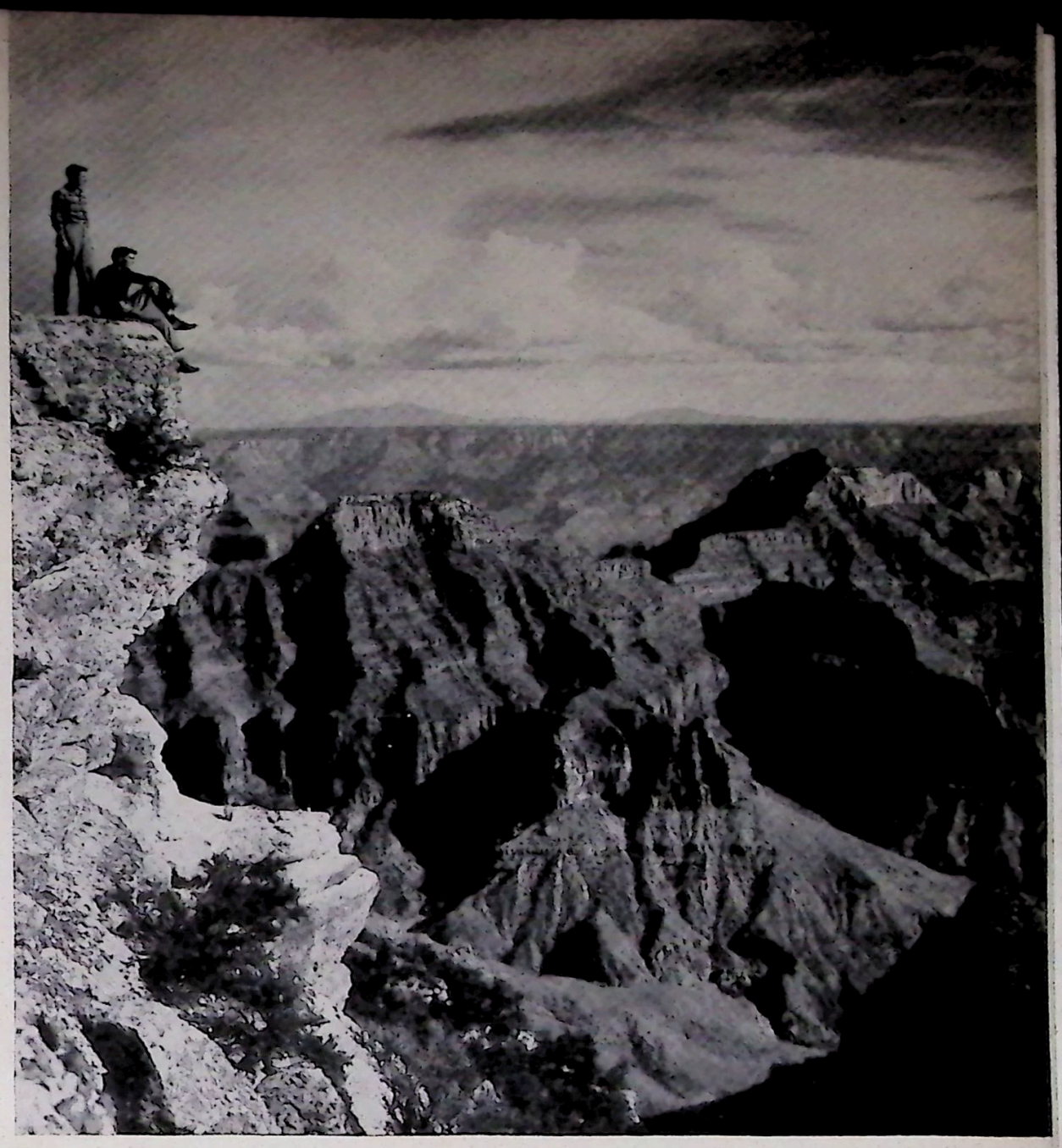
Despite the ignorance and hostility of its opponents, dynamic psychology has made enormous strides. It is now recognized as an indispensable clinical tool in the treatment of many illnesses, mental and physical and emotional.

I do not mean to imply that there have not been other pathways to inner serenity than the road now opened by Freud and his successors. It would be absurd, nay impossible, to ignore the great and serene souls of the saints and mystics, the poets and philosophers, who achieved peace of mind by other disciplines. Psychology alone is never enough for man's great adventure—life. Like all other sciences, it formulates no moral goal. It is not a philosophy of life, nor did its pioneers ever intend it to be. It is a *key* to the temple, not the temple itself. It must be supplemented by religion. Only the blended light of these two great beacons will guide individuals and nations through the hazardous channels ahead.

By religion I mean the accumulated spiritual wisdom and ethical precepts dating from the time of the earliest Prophets and gradually formulated into a body of tested truth for man's moral guidance and spiritual at-homeness in the universe. Such religion alone can provide the emotional dynamics, the moral imperatives, by which the human race can progressively attain its individual and social fulfillments.

A wise religion is indispensable for peace of mind because it blesses us with inner gifts beyond the bestowal of any science: a sense of our purpose in the world, a feeling of relatedness to God, the shared warmth of group fellowship, and the subordination of our little egos to great moral and spiritual ends.

Religion, at its best, is the announcer of the supreme ideals by



which men must live and through which our finite species finds its ultimate significance. Yet honesty compels us to admit that religion needs help if it is to make these ideals incarnate in human life.

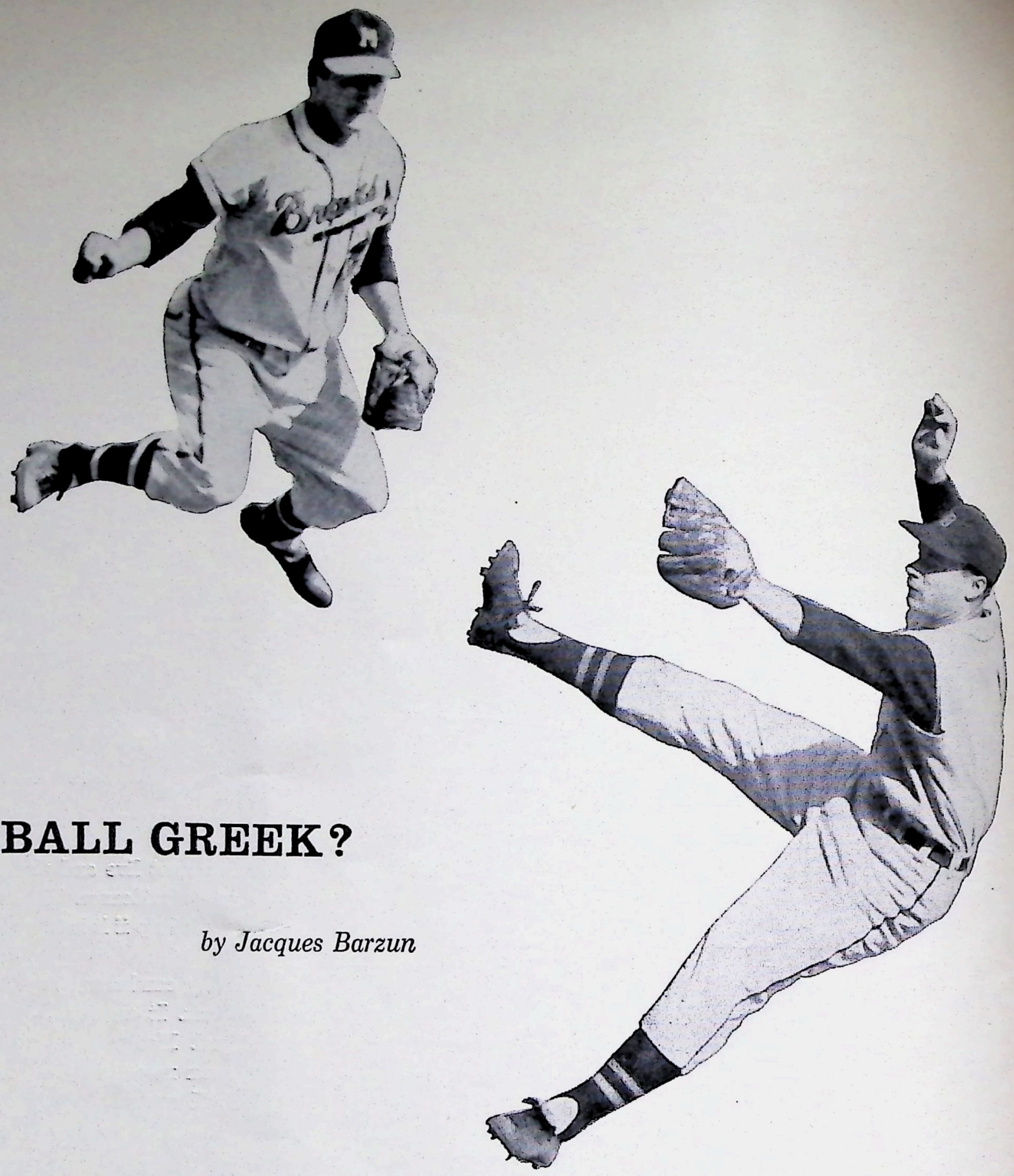
Psychology can become one of the real allies in that magnificent religious task. It can reveal why human goodness is still such a distant goal. Men who are inwardly tormented and emotionally unhappy can never be good partners of God. The great ideals of religion will remain unimplemented and unfulfilled so long as unhappy, distorted men and women continue to be defective transmitters of the Divine.

If we are to find peace of mind today, religion must be not only willing but anxious to absorb the new insights into human motivation—the discoveries about man's drives and impulses, his hates and loves and fears, that come from the psychological clinic.

Religion must not hesitate to use the microscope of psychology, with its depth analysis of the human mind. Nor should it indulge in homilies about the "necessity of character" at the very moment when the new soul science of psychology is liberating distorted individuals from their conflicts and cruelty, not by preaching, but by changing character.

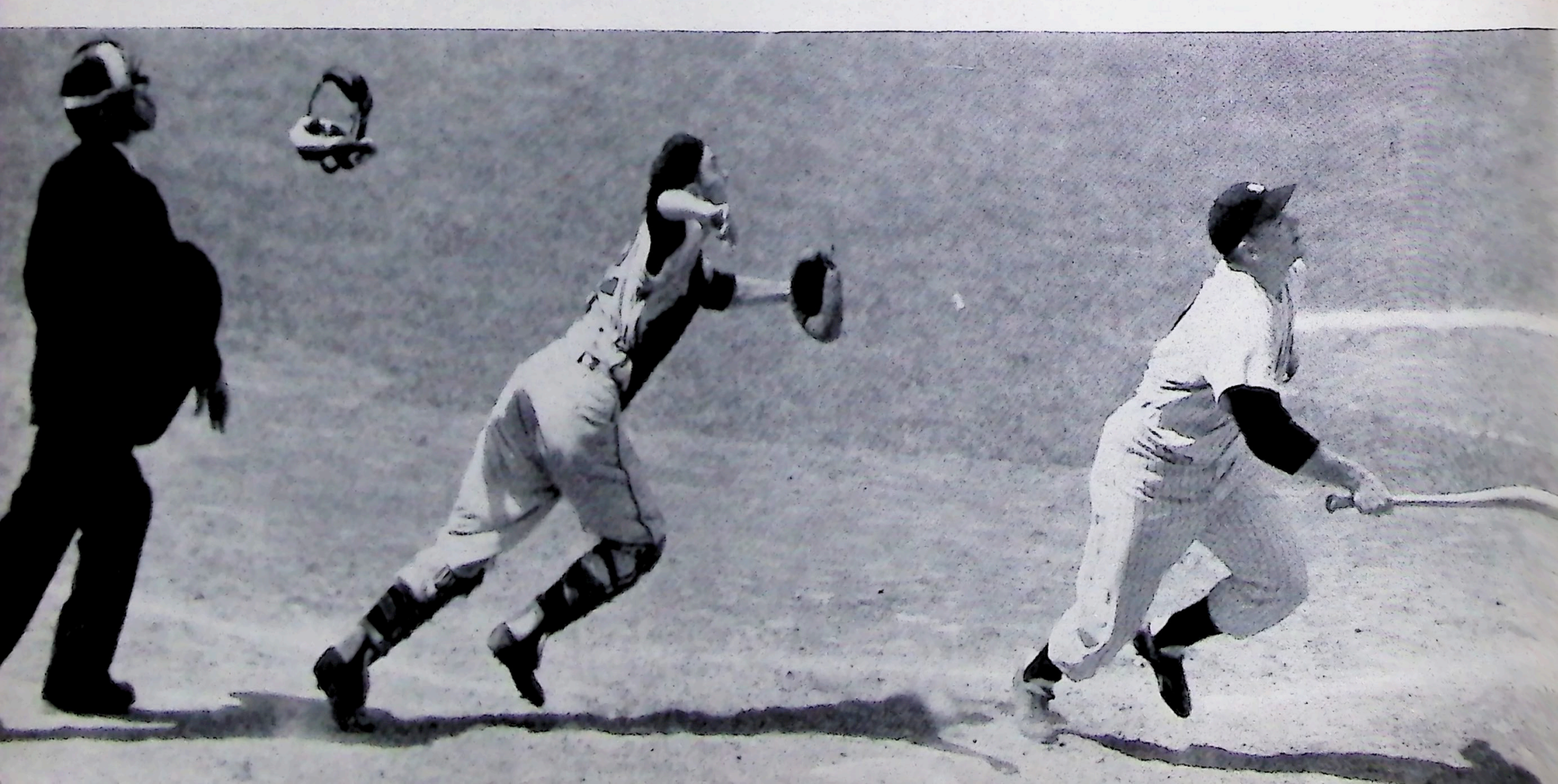
Today's cringing world needs the support of a peace-giving faith that combines the substance of the old with the light of the new. Such a faith exists. Its powerful instruments lie ready at hand.

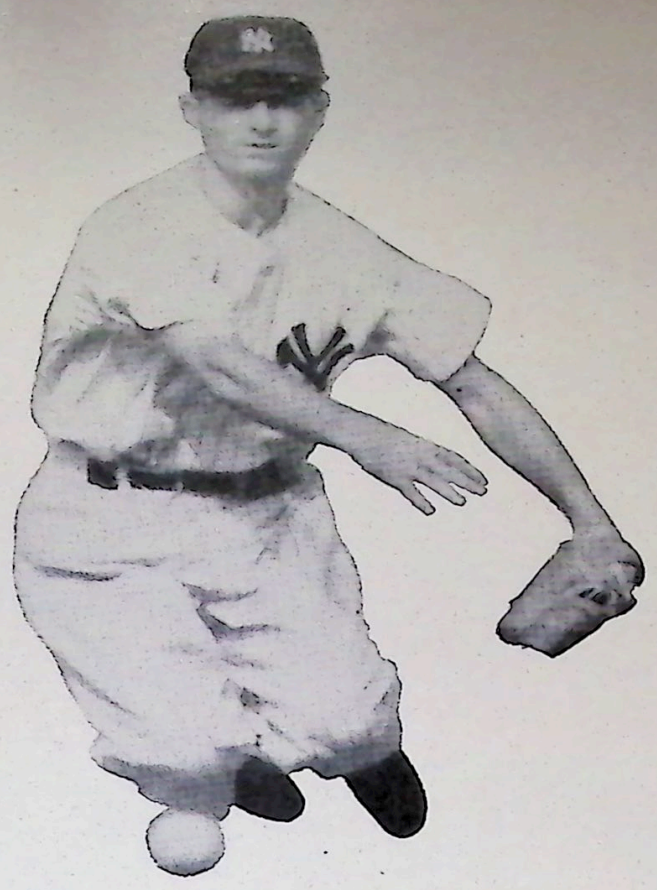
Prophetic religion now has an ally in what might be called revealed psychology—a science that lays bare the secret diseases of man's troubled soul and provides a serviceable therapy for healing them. Fused together by terrible necessity, religion and psychology now bend forward, as one, to succor stumbling humanity, to lift it up, anoint its wounds, and fill its cup to overflowing with the oil of peace. ♦



IS BASEBALL GREEK?

by Jacques Barzun





Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of America had better learn baseball, the rules and realities of the game—and do it by watching first some high school or small-town teams. The big league games are too fast for the beginner and the newspapers don't help. To read them with profit you have to know a language that comes easy only after philosophy has taught you to judge practice. Here is scholarship that takes effort on the part of the outsider, but it is so bred into the native that it never becomes a dreary round of technicalities.

The wonderful purging of the passions that we all experienced in the fall of '51, the despair groaned out over the fate of the Dodgers, from whom the league pennant was snatched at the last minute, give us some idea of what Greek tragedy was like. Baseball *is* Greek in being national, heroic, and broken up in the rivalries of city-states. How sad that Europe knows nothing like it! Its Olympics generate anger, not unity, and its interstate politics follow no rules that a people can grasp. At least Americans understand baseball, the true realm of clear ideas.

That baseball fitly expresses the powers of the nation's mind and body is a merit separate from the glory of being the most active, agile, varied, articulate, and brainy of all group games. It is of and for our century.

Baseball takes its mystic nine and scatters them wide. A kind of individualism thereby returns, but it is limited—eternal vigilance is the price of victory. Just because they're far apart, the outfield can't dream or play she-loves-me-not with daisies. The infield is like a steel net held in the hands of the catcher. He is the psychologist and historian for the staff—or else his signals will give the opposition hits. The value of his headpiece is shown by the ironmongery worn to protect it.

The pitcher, on the other hand, is the wayward man of genius, whom others will direct. They will expect nothing from him but virtuosity. He is surrounded no doubt by mere talent, unless one excepts that transplanted acrobat, the shortstop. What a brilliant invention is his role despite its exposure to ludicrous lapses! One man to each base, and then the free lance, the trouble shooter, the movable feast for the eyes, whose motion animates the whole foreground.

The rules keep pace with this imaginative creation so rich in allusions to real life. How excellent, for instance, that a foul tip muffed by the catcher gives the batter another chance. It is the recognition of Chance that knows no argument. But on the other hand, how wise and just that the third strike must not be dropped. This points to the fact that near the end of any struggle life asks for *more* than is needful in order to clinch success. A victory has to be won, not snatched.

We find also our American innocence in calling "World Series" the annual games between the winners in each big league. The world doesn't know or care and couldn't compete if it wanted to, but since it's us children having fun, why, the world is our stage. I said baseball is Greek. Is there not a poetic symbol in the new meaning—our meaning—of "Ruth hits Homer?"

Once the crack of the bat has sent the ball skimming left of second between the infielder's legs, six men converge or distend their defense to keep the runner from advancing along the prescribed path. The ball is not the center of interest as in those vulgar predatory games like football, basketball, and polo.

Man running is the force to be contained. His getting to first or second base starts a capitalization dreadful to think of: every hit pushes him on. Bases full and a homer make four runs, while the defenders, helpless without the magic power of the ball lying over the fence, cry out their anguish and dig up the sod with their spikes.

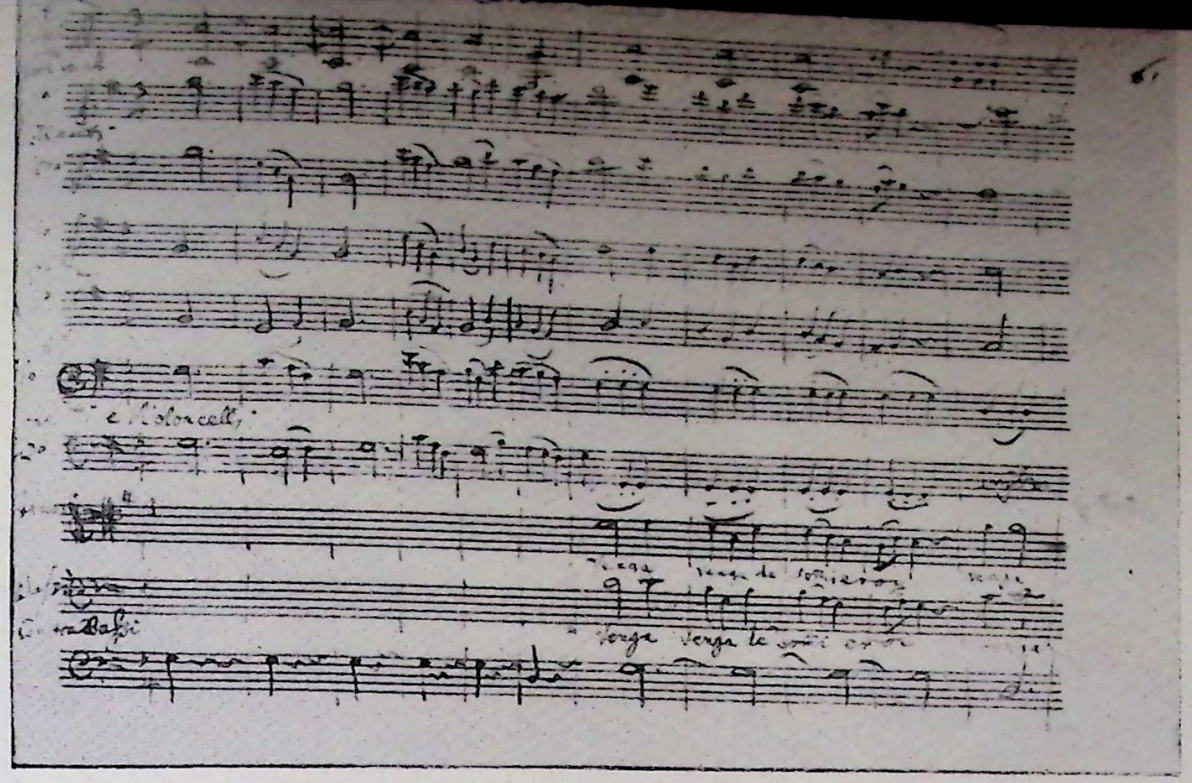
But fate is controlled by the rules. Opportunity swings from one side to the other because innings alternate quickly, keep up spirit in the players, interest in the beholders. So does the profusion of different acts to be performed—pitching, throwing, catching, batting, running, stealing, sliding, signaling. Blows are similarly varied. Flies, Texas Leaguers, grounders, baseline fouls—praise God the human neck is a universal joint!

And there is no set pace. Under the hot sun, the minutes creep as a deliberate pitcher tries his feints and curves for three strikes called, or conversely walks a threatening batter. But the batter is not invariably a tailor's dummy. In a hundredth of a second there may be a hissing rocket down right field, a cloud of dust over first base—the bleachers all a-yell—a double play, and the other side up to bat.

Accuracy and speed, the practiced eye and hefty arm, the mind to take in and readjust to the unexpected, the possession of more than one talent and the willingness to work in harness without special orders—these are the American virtues that shine in baseball. ♦

Allegretto

Calcando



Mozart's music inspired noted artists to sketch scenes from his works: (Top) the Marriage of Figaro and (bottom) Don Juan by J. H. Ramberg; (center) the Requiem by W. Bohm.

Mozart

THE MAN WHO WAS MUSIC

by Bernard Shore

To become engrossed in Mozart's music is to feel that here was the most musical being that ever lived, the incarnation of music's self. The wonder of this man's short life has never ceased to dazzle the world. Composers, Beethoven, Gounod, Tchaikovsky and Richard Strauss, recognized in him the master of masters.

The romantic biographies of the last century have inclined to represent Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert as victimized by a wicked world. Not all the contemporaries of those great composers were as wise, generous and appreciative as the enlightened later age. Those composers lived in a time when, somehow or other, they were able to produce a corpus of immortal masterpieces. It stands to reason that there was in their age, in its culture and facilities, something that favored that achievement.

It may be roughly suggested that there was something odd about Mozart—something undeveloped and childlike. And child-likeness in a grown man is not endearing. The fickleness and irresponsibility natural to a child are disconcerting in a man.

During the last 10 years of Mozart's life these characteristics were too much for his friends. Wagner was misled and misleading in every way when he wrote of Mozart as "childlike in his meekness, shyly contemptuous of ostentation and advantageous proposals, modest to the point of bashfulness, unselfish to the point of self-forgetfulness." Not a word of this is true. Mozart's childlikeness was not that sort at all. His sister, Maria Anna, showed more sense when she said:

"Outside music he was and remained something of a child, and that was a trait on the seamy side of his character. He always was in need of a father, mother or guardian. He could not cope with money matters, and against his father's will he married a girl most unsuited to him—and hence the great domestic disorder at the time of his death and after."

Mozart was born into a musical world. Many great musicians have been lost to us by the want of such an environment in their earliest years—the environment in which music is as natural a form of utterance as speech and the lack of which is something for which not even genius can compensate fully.

Salzburg, his birthplace, was a very small town. It was the seat of a princely archbishopric and the archbishop's court included, according to the custom of the time, a musical establishment. Mozart's father was a violinist of this establishment in which German-speaking musicians predominated, but which was more Italian than German in tradition and taste.

The next and all-important factor in the shaping of Mozart's genius and the direction it took was the character of his remarkable father, Leopold. Though not a man of genius he was an accomplished musician—a man with an ambition in him and a force of will superior to his son's.

Leopold saw a fortune to be made out of the boy's precociousness, together with the charm of his talented sister. But, while exploiting the children, Leopold saw to it that they should have solid instruction. Mozart might—while always dazzling—have become no more than the most brilliant of the rococo composers, but his father saw to it that he possessed also the accomplishments of the learned school. A hundred times the tale has been told of the travels of the Mozart children in France and England and of the boy Mozart's later visits to Italy.

The importance of these travels is the contacts they afforded the boy with all the schools of composition then flourishing in western Europe. For the characteristic in the young Mozart evident above all is his aptitude for assimilating forms and fashions and traits of style from here, there and everywhere, and transmuting them into a finer element—into Mozartian compositions, which still reveal the suggestion that had prompted them.

Italian music was predominant in Mozart's time in all the

MOZART'S MOTHER, ANNA MARIA

I COMPOSE AS IN A DREAM . . .

When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer—say, traveling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep; it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly.

Whence and how they come, I know not; nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it, that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, to the peculiarities of the various instruments, etc.

All this fires my soul, and, provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodised and defined, and the whole, though it be long, stands almost complete and finished in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture or a beautiful statue, at a glance.

Nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them, as it were, all at once. What a delight this is I cannot tell! All this inventing, this producing, takes place in a pleasing lively dream.

Still the actual hearing of the tout ensemble is after all the best. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget, and this is perhaps the best gift I have my Divine Maker to thank for.

When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use that phrase, what has been previously collected into it in the way I have mentioned. For this reason the committing to paper is done quickly enough, for everything is, as I said before, already finished; and it rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination.

At this occupation I can therefore suffer myself to be disturbed; for whatever may be going on around me, I write, and even talk, but only of fowls and geese, or of Gretel or Barbel, or some such matters.

But why my productions take from my hand that particular form and style that makes them Mozartish, and different from the works of other composers, is probably owing to the same cause which renders my nose so large or so aquiline, or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from those of other people. For I really do not study or aim at any originality.

—FROM A LETTER

Sinfonia
CONVENIT IGITUR --- IN GESTU NEC
VENUSTATEM CONSPICUAM, NEC TURPITU
DINEM ESSE, NE AUT HISTRIONES
AUT OPERARII VIDEAMUR ESSE.

MOZART'S FATHER, LEOPOLD

countries of Europe and, if a *national* name is to be given to Mozart's art, it ought no doubt to be called Italian. But even in that unified Europe there were different strands and currents and Mozart would adopt now one and then another. In France he took on French characteristics—only to transcend them.

When he made the acquaintance, never very thorough, of Bach and Handel, those contacts are at once apparent in his compositions. A purely German music can hardly be said to have existed in his time but, when he came to write German dances and German operas, popular German elements entered into his scores.

To Leopold Mozart, Haydn said these memorable words:

"I declare to you before God, as a man of honor, that your son is the greatest composer I know, either personally or by reputation. He has taste and, beyond that, a consummate knowledge of the art of composition."

One fallacy that should be dispelled is the belief that the boy Mozart was not merely precocious but miraculously developed—that as a boy he composed as he did as a man. It is true that the boy Mozart wrote with skill and charm, but none of his great works was written until he was a grown man.

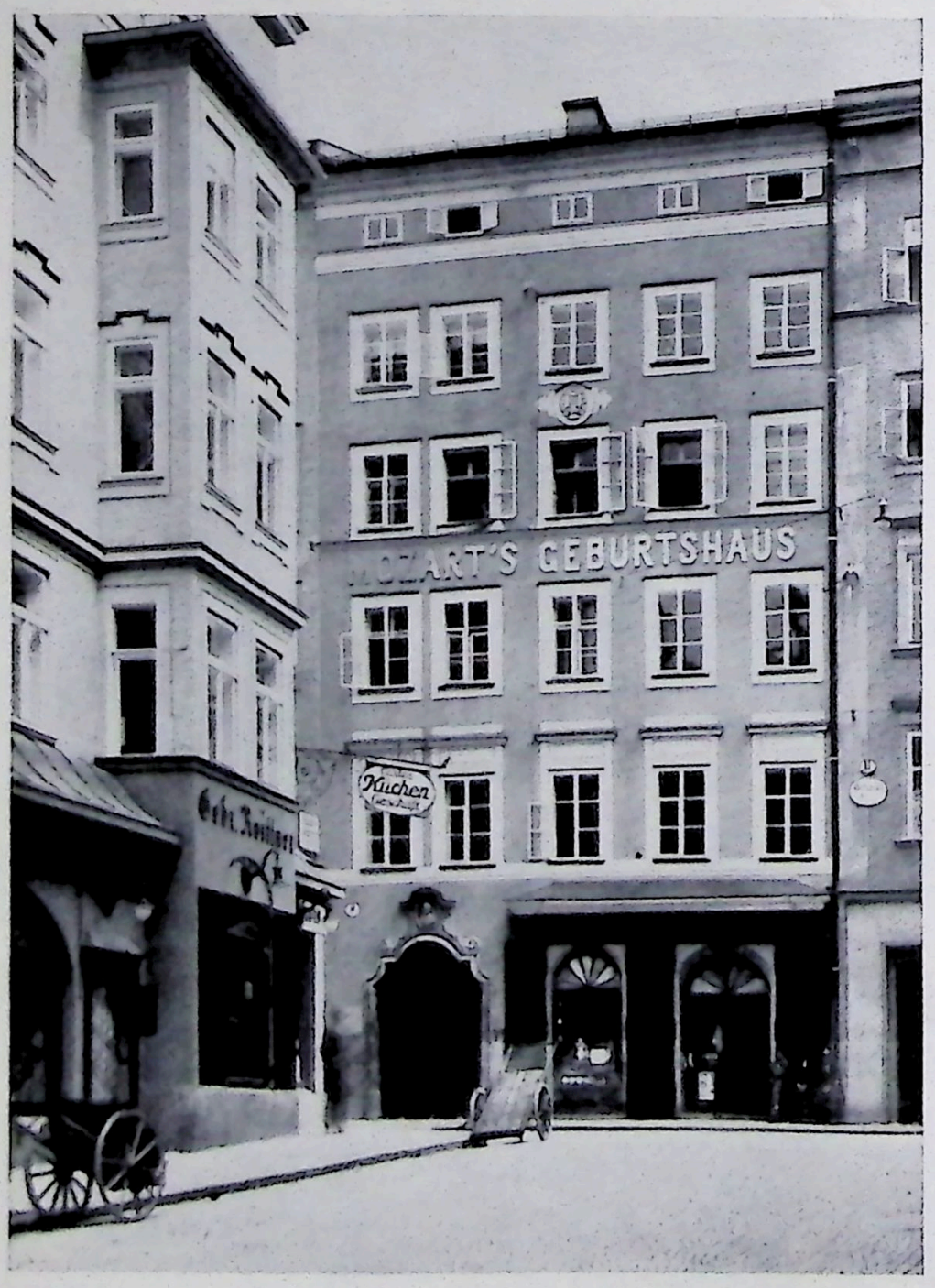
The development of his adolescent mind was less remarkable than Schubert's. It still seems almost unbelievable that those unsurpassed Goethe songs of Schubert's should have been composed when he was only 16 or 17. There is never a hint that they are anything but the work of a man who has lived and suffered. Of none of Mozart's early music could this be said.

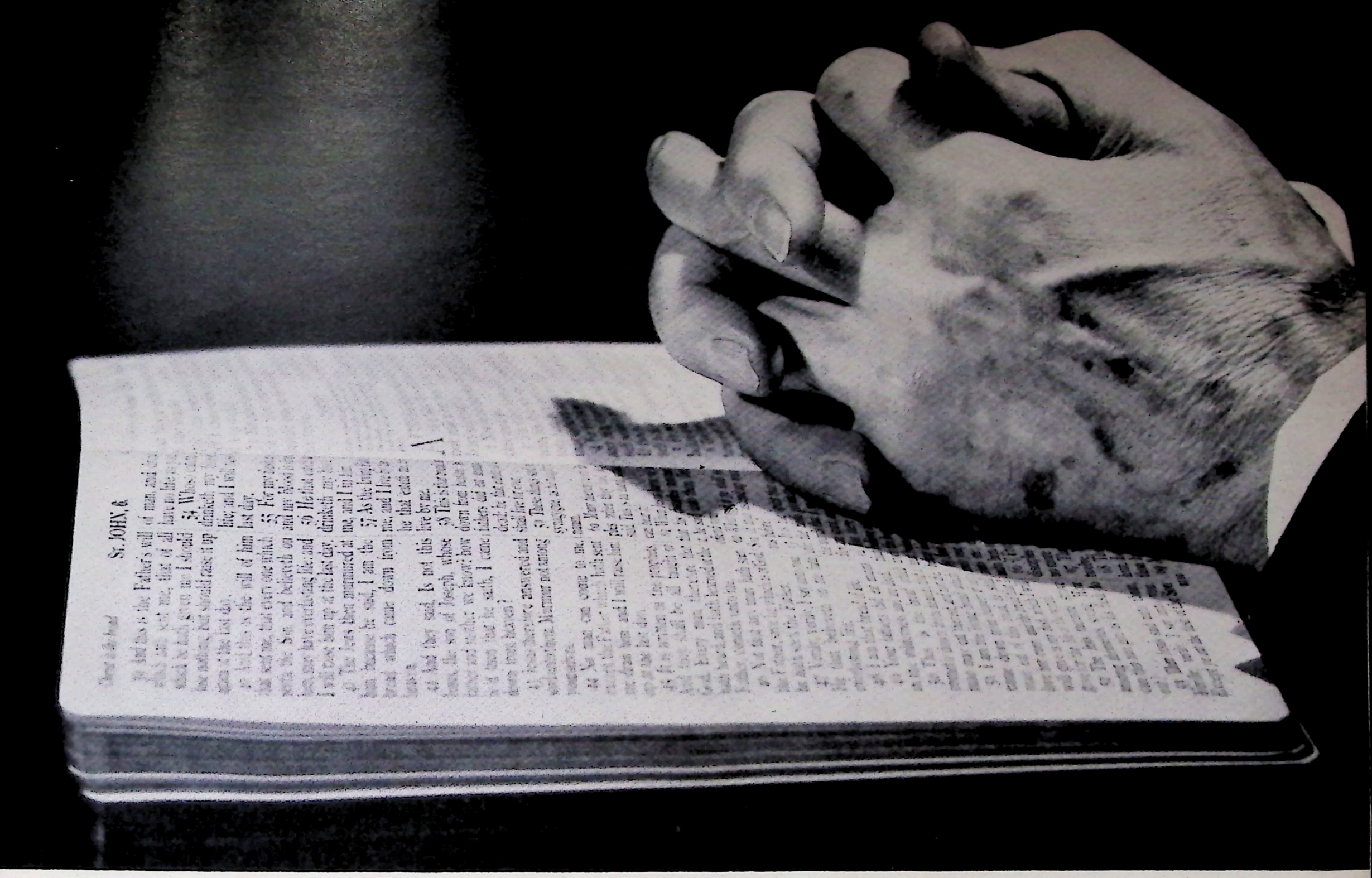
Mozart was also a violinist and pianist of soloist's rank. "If you would only do yourself justice," his father once wrote to him, "and play with fire and boldness you would be the first violinist in Europe." But he preferred the piano and the incomparable series of piano concertos composed at Vienna in the 1780's—so much greater works than the earlier Salzburg violin concertos—were written for his own performance.

Mozart's last six symphonies are all famous. They are the *Haffner*, the *Linz* and the *Prague* and the three symphonies composed in the summer of 1788, the *E flat*, the *G minor* and the *C major*, which was Mozart's last symphony.

Little more than three years after its composition he was dead. Mozart—dead at the age of 36! Like Schubert, Mozart helped to kill himself. There is something terrifying about the record of the production of each in his last years. Both seem to have been men possessed, and the mortal frame could not stand the strain. Mozart, like Schubert, was in full process of development. We are left guessing what would have been the effect upon him of Beethoven's turbulent and tragic genius—upon him, so quick to catch at any new sound, so apt to transmute any element into Mozartian gold. What he has left us is the supreme poetry of his age. ♦

Mozart was born in this Salzburg house on Jan. 27, 1756. An elaborate bicentenary program of all-Mozart music is being planned for Salzburg's famed Summer Festival. Other festivals in Mozart's honor will be given in Wurzburg, Germany, and Vienna, Austria, in June.





We cannot help Praying

by Norman Vincent Peale

At one time or another, in one kind of crisis or another, everybody prays.

Like plants under a macadamized road that can and do break through the hard surface, seeking the light and the air, prayer breaks through our self-sufficiency; our need is stronger than our doubts. We turn to God, even in spite of ourselves, if only by an instinctive cry, when suffering or fear is too much for us.

We cannot live without prayer, no matter how proud our intellect, or how cocksure. There is a hidden hunger of the spirit, just as, so nutrition experts tell us, there are hidden hungers of the body; inarticulate cravings for some essential food element that must and will be satisfied. When the heart is fed only on the *ersatz* foods of materialism, something within drives us back to the Power which alone can give us the bread of life. Refuse to feed that hidden hunger, and the soul begins to wither. But as St. Thomas points out, prayer is not a vague aspiration toward God. It is a rational act.

A man lies on a stretcher in pain's delirium and calls out for his mother. When the pain is gone, when he is back in his "right mind," he may be ashamed to hear about his childish cries. He may not even remember now the far-off years when the tender arms of that woman nursed his youthful hurts. But the heart remembers, even though the brain is like an empty slate, and it yearns in secret. Our souls may yearn for the love of our Father in Heaven, and our minds be still unaware of what it really is that fills us with some deep and vague dissatisfaction.

Most of us are not quite so calloused as to forget completely the love we owe to our God. Like children, grown apart in age and distance from parents, absorbed in the business of separate lives, we may remember to pay mechanical lip service to duty. Polite habit is, alas, one common reason for writing home to parents and saying our prayers to God. Yet even prayers of petition are acceptable if rightly ordered.

We pray for many kinds of reasons, good and bad, and there are men and women who pray to win a bridge tournament, for a new dress, or to be elected grand high panjandrum of a lodge. Such people have not outgrown an infantile concept of prayer. They think of God as a Santa Claus for the 364 days after Christmas.

Still others pray to make themselves or their children or friends in church believe that they are devout. But only their lips and closed eyes are at prayer. Mind and heart meanwhile are skipping around the world. To others, prayer is a form of will power, or

spiritual hypnotism. They double up their fists, stamp their feet, and groan: "God, you must let me get that raise!"

None of these prayers is inspiring to contemplate, any more than the prayer that springs from terror; the cry for help in mortal trouble. Yet, as we can discover, even prayers for selfish, personal favors do have a place, although a small one, in the intimacy between ourselves and our Father in Heaven. Not all prayers are perfect, nor all children truly loving, but that does not mean that either prayer or filial love is worthless.

There are many really inspiring reasons why men and women pray. We have been assigned some worthwhile job and we want to do it well but feel it may be beyond our powers. So we pray for strength to carry it through to success, whether in great affairs or small. Great men have testified to the power of prayer in directing historic careers. Of divine guidance, Lincoln had this to say:

"I have had so many evidences of His direction, so many instances when I have been controlled by some other power than my own will, that I cannot doubt that this power comes from above. I frequently see my way clear to a decision when I am conscious that I have not sufficient facts upon which to found it... I am satisfied that, when the Almighty wants me to do, or not to do, a particular thing, He finds a way of letting me know it. I am a full believer that God knows what He wants a man to do, that which pleases Him. It is never well with the man who heeds it not.

"I talk to God," Lincoln went on to say. "My mind seems relieved when I do, and a way is suggested. I should be the veriest shallow and self-conceited blockhead upon the footstool, in my discharge of the duties that are put upon me in this place, if I should hope to get along without the wisdom that comes from God and not from man."

Often, even in the prize ring, men have prayed. Just before the bell rings to start the bout, the 195 pound heavyweight in yonder corner falls to his knees and crosses himself. To the pious that act may seem like a blasphemy. What is the brusier asking for—a decision in a four-round preliminary to be influenced by the Ruler of the universe? One night between rounds in the gymnasium of the New York Athletic Club an amateur boxer was asked why he knelt and crossed himself before the bell—did he think it would help him win?

"Of course not," was his answer. "I do it for three reasons. First I pray that I won't be seriously hurt, next that I won't kill or maim my opponent, and lastly I pray so that everybody can see me do it. Because my mother showed me that I could help kids to see that a tough boxer is not ashamed to be religious."

We pray for ourselves, and, even more, for others—for the fate of an army, and the happiness of a child, for harvest and hearthstone.

But beyond all such immediate reasons, which may exist today and tomorrow be dispelled, is the constant reason, which is the need of the soul to be aware of the presence of God and visit with Him as the most beloved friend. From such visits there comes to the individual a flow of power which cannot be weighed or measured, because it is infinite. And that power is open to all who seek it.

That simple communion with our Source is the highest and last reason for any of us to pray.

We must recognize that our finite minds can never understand the mystery of the infinite that remains unreachable even within the process of praying. As Armand Pierhal says in his book, *The Living God:* "In the very heart of ardent faith there must remain an irreducible nucleus of the irrational, an unfathomable mystery, a God all beneficent and all powerful... a good stronger than evil."

And he goes on to say:

"We pray without considering whether our prayers will be granted or not. We pray because it is good to pray and because it gives us immediate comfort. To believe in God is not to draw a bill of exchange on the future. Or, if you prefer, it is not merely that. To believe is to partake at once of ecstasy, of perfect joy, a joy which cannot be darkened by the fall of Singapore, or increased by the defeat of Hitler, because it is independent of them."

And what may Pierhal mean by that? He means that a wise man prays because prayer brings him close to God and in that protecting love, though the heavens fall, he has nothing to fear.

Only through prayer can the soul be at peace and that is the real reason why we pray. ♦

Father in Heaven,

to Thee we raise

This our prayer

of grateful praise.

Teach us

Thy will, O Lord;

Teach us Thy way.

Teach us to

know Thy word.

Teach us

to pray.

KNOWLEDGE AND

by R. M. MacIver

If only we knew! If only we knew enough—if only we knew the right things at the right times, if only we could discern the consequences of action before we act, if only we knew the truth about the situations that perplex and disturb us, if only we knew the answers to our problems—then indeed we could make the most and the best of life. *So we think.* But it is written that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," and a poet once said that "knowledge is but sorrow's spy."

What then does it all mean? It suggests at least that knowledge and wisdom are not of necessity twinned. Knowledge may be poorly focused—there are so many things to know: what things are important, what worthwhile the knowing? Knowledge may be impotent—like the Cassandra knowledge of evils closing upon us, evils we possess not the knowledge, the power or the will to avoid or remedy.

Civilized man has suffered a series of profound shocks, confounding alike his traditions and his prospects. This has made a deep imprint on his habits of thought.

No child of this age can think himself back to the mentality that prevailed throughout Western society before the First World War. He cannot return himself to its sense of stability, to its forward-looking and oversimple optimism, to its modes of faith, often naive enough but generally robust, to its implicit or explicit trust in an overruling Providence.

In curious and sometimes devious ways our literature and our fine arts reflect the change. The world has grown perverse, thwarting, irrational. It teeters on the edge of an abyss. Hopes have been dupes and fears have not been proven liars. The future has shrunk to a trembling question mark.

The ravages of two world wars nipped the flower of two generations. It disrooted the youth who fought and survived and brought griefs and perplexities to countless millions. The presence of violence and sudden death became for the peoples an aspect of the everyday life and the approach of terror was never far off. Men prayed to their gods in vain, and it seemed as though the rulers and the ruled alike were puppets pulled by the strings of fate.

There are times—times of strain and frustration and loss of nerve—when creative culture is at an ebb, when the spiritual impulses of men are spent in defeat. The prevailing mood becomes one of stark materialism and narrow pragmatism. At such times men are likely to be preoccupied with technology, which neither asks nor answers any problems concerning the ends of living.

Our own age, weary of mortal strife, has moved in this direction. Scholarship has joined the movement. The knowledge that is know-how is dominant. Interpretative knowledge, the knowledge that seeks enlightenment—the knowledge that may be the nurse of wisdom—is less esteemed.

Knowledge is certainly not wisdom nor are the more knowledgeable by any reckoning the more wise. If knowledge alone could save the world, we would be in a far happier condition than we now are, since knowledge has been vastly extending its range. There is a significant relation between knowledge and wisdom. The question for our times might be: *how can we make knowledge the road to wisdom?*

The knowing we are concerned with is never mere know-how. Instead it is the knowing that combines the interpretative and the technical aspects into a way of life for the greater fulfillment of living. It has two major expressions:

On the one hand it is the knowing that is perspective—forever wrestling with the never-to-be-fully-grasped conception of the intrinsic unity of differences—that is the secret of the Power that is the universe and of the changing manifestations of all that it contains, including the being of man.

On the other hand it is the particular knowing that is never mere *know-how*, but *know-what-when-where*, evoking the enlightened well-proportioned timely policy for action. This knowing is certainly not cunning—the agility of mind that can use whatever means lie at hand to serve one's private designs. It is not erudition, the amassed, systematized knowing of particulars. It is not the knowing of the specialists, concentrated knowing within a delimited field.

We are tempted to say that only the knowing of the wise can lead to wisdom. But that statement would do less than justice to the role that knowledge plays. For the attainment of wisdom there is at issue the way of knowing and also of applying knowledge.

First, as to the way of knowing. The same pieces of information may mean much or little to different knowers. There is shallow

WISDOM

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men:
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

—WILLIAM COWPER

knowing and facile knowing and glib knowing. There is appreciative knowing and sympathetic knowing and illuminated knowing. These latter are three varieties of what we have called interpretative knowing.

Knowledge cannot be reckoned by the quantity of knowing. It has other and more important dimensions. Information, as such, may be wholly lacking in overtones. It may be the barest perception of an insulated fact. Or it may carry a rich penumbra of meaningfulness.

The knowledge we need as an approach to wisdom is then the knowledge that provides horizons, horizons that widen as we learn. Which suggests how important is the way we learn, and the way we are taught. If the teacher has no illumination he cannot enlighten the taught.

It is to be deplored that in our present society, as it has not been in other and in past societies, the ranking of the teacher stands so low among the professions. Under this condition there is too large a proportion of teachers who are poor-spirited, routinized purveyors of daily doses of textbook information, so that "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed."

There is also at issue the way we apply knowledge. The writer has some recollection of a meeting of experts drawn from various branches of learning who were assembled to discuss the problem of the apparent increase of delinquency.

Each one found the major factors, alike of causation and of control, within the particular area of his specialization. The sociologist found the explanation in "broken homes" and "social disorganization." The anthropologist found it in the clash of traditions between the old established ethnic groups and the later immigrant groups. The psychiatrist found it in the mental strains and frustrations of modern living. The medical man found it in an unbalance between fundamental organic needs and the conditions of urban civilization. The religionist found it in the "decay" of morals accompanying the decline of religious authority.

Each one had a quite plausible case. Each could cite relevant evidences, buttressed by statistics. In a sense each one might be right in his diagnosis—so far as it went. But the meeting ended where it began.

Each stayed essentially within his own domain of learning. No one related what he knew to what the others knew, or believed they knew. Each listened with aloof scholarly respect to what the other said, and returned to his own domain.

Wisdom lies in the transcendence of all such boundaries. The wise man gives weight to the knowledge and experience of other men. He is not enchained by his *own* intellectual habits. He is not intellectually provincial. He does not find the universal in the partial, the partial that is nearest to his own pursuits.

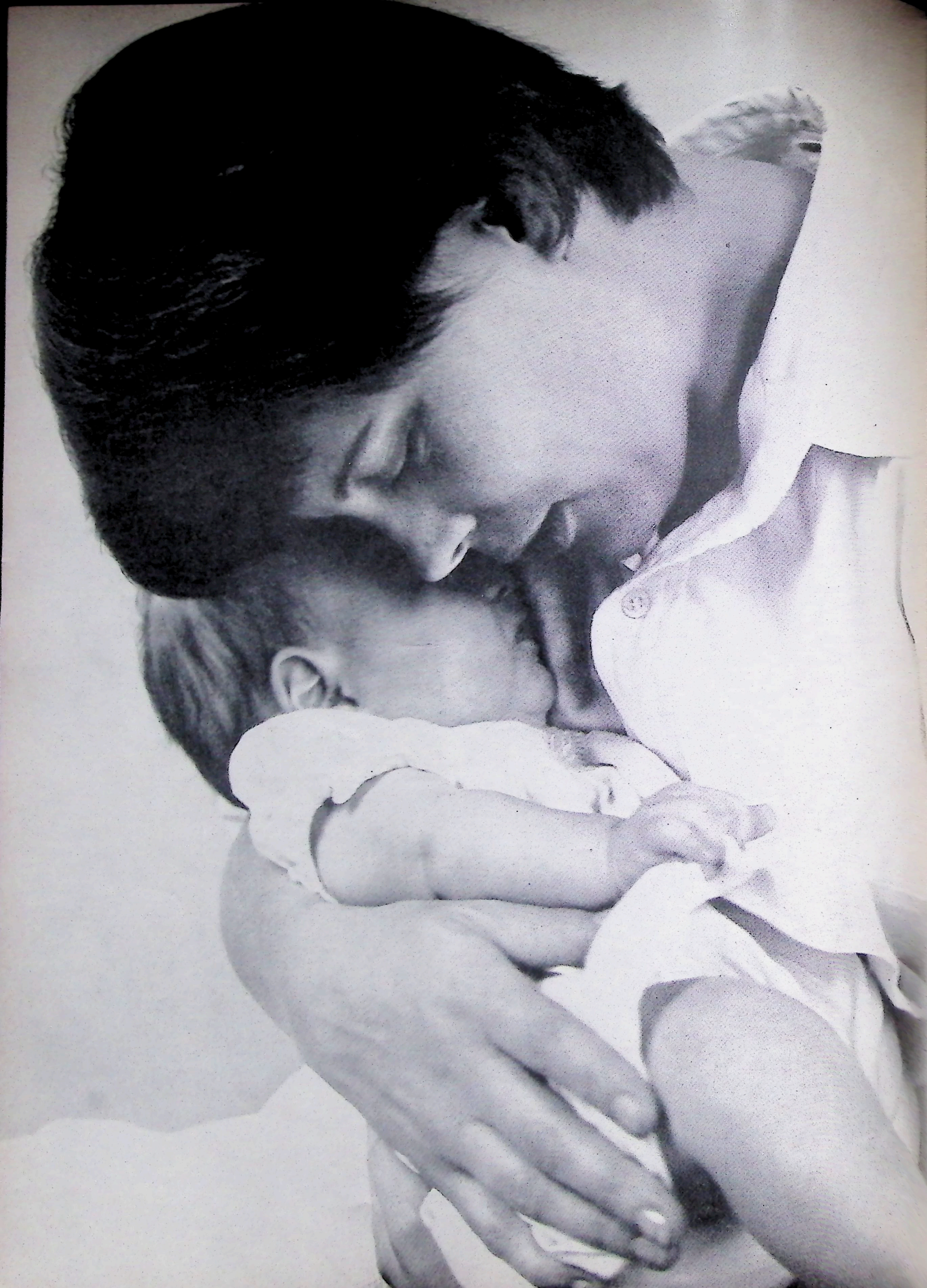
The wise man may not be learned, any more than the learned man must therefore be wise. But whatever knowledge the wise man possesses is illuminative knowledge. He views things in relation to one another, not merely in relation to himself. He sees them steadily and tries to see them whole.

The test of wisdom is to be found most of all in the way a man relates himself to other men. Folly and self-centeredness are twins. The foolish see other men only in the light of their own interests, what they imagine are their own interests. They are not concerned to know the ways of other men, outside their own circle, to know how these others feel and think. They conceive no whole that embraces both themselves, their own circle, and those who stand outside. In this scheme of relationships, more than anywhere else, they ignore and repudiate the universal for the sake of their own particular.

So they become endlessly entangled in the unforeseen repercussions of their own designs. They engender barren and wasteful forms of strife. To serve their false pride and their miscalculated interest, they would make division absolute, violating the truth of the universal from which they cannot escape.

This is the plight of our world today, as so often in the past. But the frustration and the fury are greater than before, because each self-centered group, each warring division, has much greater power at its command. In their lack of wisdom they cannot see that between them they are pulling down the pillars of the universal temple they together share.

Wisdom alone is justified of its children. That has always been true. But today it is also true that wisdom alone can save the children alike of the foolish and of the wise. ♦



Parents get a second chance

by Esther Schour

Parents get not only one second chance—they have many chances to modify or counteract their mistakes as parents—to bring new assets to their relationship with their children and to help their children grow.

Feelings of anxiety and self-reproach and a sense of defeat are widespread among parents today. Many mothers, especially, try conscientiously to rear their children in conformity with the new teachings, and worry because they have not known the *best* methods from the start. They entertain the myth that there is one *best* method for all problems of child rearing: if only they had known it, they would not have made errors.

They long to wipe the slate clean, start afresh. They have a fantasy of perfection—a child free of conflicts and frustration. They believe all their children's problems stem from their own mistakes, which they feel are irreparable. We can flatly state, to begin with, that these ideas are fallacious.

There is no single *best* method for all children. However, some conflict is an essential motivating force for the child's growth. Also, while parents cannot erase the past and start over, they *can* improve the quality of their relationship with their children and help them master their current problems.

It has long been recognized, but made more explicit by dynamic psychology, that patterns of behavior are laid down in the early years and that these patterns become integrated in the personality. We know that the earlier a disturbance in behavior patterns occurs the more widespread are its effects and the more difficult to modify and correct. In extreme cases the damage is irreparable.

However, this should not be taken to mean that personality is unalterably fixed in early life. Personality development is a continuous process and can, therefore, be influenced positively or negatively throughout the growth of the child. Therein lie our many chances.

There are many reasons why behavior patterns are potentially modifiable. The child is continuously growing and changing and his behavior patterns are in a state of flux, particularly in the early years. Parents, as individuals, also grow and change. Inherent in both parents and children is a strong impulse to learn to adapt to each other and to find mutual satisfaction and acceptance.

As the child grows his needs change, and his changing attitudes and demands may stimulate a different response in the parents. Further, we know that the meaning of the child to the parents also changes, and with this there are shifts in the parents' attitude to the child. Nor does the broader social environment remain static. Modifications in the environment (apart from the personality of the parent and the child) influence both, and also may result in changes in their relationship. These and other factors make possible many *spontaneous cures* and successful therapy.

Because the importance of early parent-child relationships in molding the child's character and attitudes has now been established beyond question, there is a tendency among parents to feel that they alone are responsible for all developmental problems and personality disturbances in their children.

Without trying to minimize the effect of the baby's first experiences with his mother, and later with his father, we should recognize also the fact that many other influences are at work. These are: the constitution of the child, critical life events, the social and cultural pressures which affect his family and his own later life experiences.

Another factor which will be helpful to parents today comes in the form of a reappraisal of some concepts of child rearing. In the past, many ideas and *rules* were very rigidly held—and then abruptly discarded for almost diametrically opposite ones. But, as we learn more about these matters, we see that a rule is only as good as its application—the good sense and judgment with which it is used.

Parents undoubtedly have suffered from the shifts in recommended child rearing practices. In the past several decades we moved from the belief that the child should be strictly disciplined and kept "in his place" to the other extreme. The child whom we began to see as an individual in his own right became the hub around which the family revolved. *Permissiveness* became the slogan in child rearing practices.

Feeding practices in infancy shifted from the observance of the rigid schedule to the "self-demand" schedule, from early toilet training to great laxity in toilet training, from the strict control of aggression in children to absence of control. There was even a tendency among some parents to stimulate aggression in their children through smiling at and being fascinated by sexual and aggressive behavior—because this confirmed the theories that they had learned.

Reaction to this wholesale and indiscriminate use of permissiveness naturally set in, because it did not reduce the problems of children. Nor did it improve the relationship between them and their parents. Because of this reaction, there is danger of a punitive and drastic return "back to the woodshed," and it is important to emphasize anew that the quality of parental attitudes is more important than the particular child rearing practices and techniques.

Spontaneity in parental feelings should be restored. Expressions of love and acts of discipline are more genuine and effective when they come from spontaneous feelings rather than from the literal translation of the latest recommendations in child rearing.

Because of our fear of making mistakes, we have inhibited our intuitive feelings about our children. In our literalness, we have lost some of the imaginativeness and humor so helpful in dealing with children. We have lost also a great part of the pleasure and satisfaction that we can get through our children. Not only have we tried to safeguard them from our own feelings, but we have also protected them from the genuine, *old-fashioned* love of grandparents.

(continued on page 78)

GIVE THE GIFT OF

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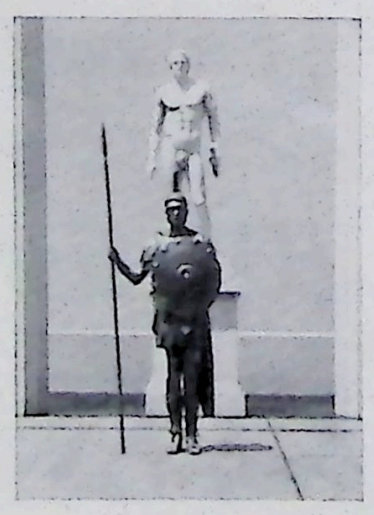
No other gift will give greater pleasure



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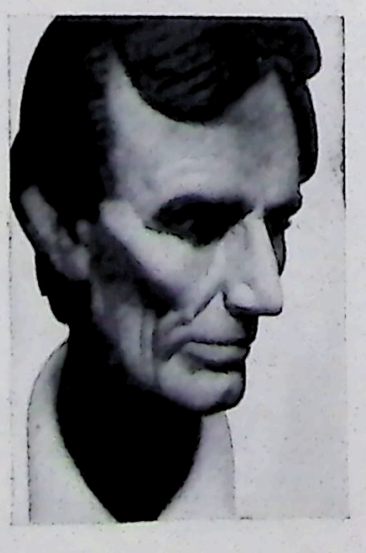

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ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXY

Dictionary for Moderns

by Hal Stebbins

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXY

adolescent:
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered.

advertising:
Free Speech—except that you pay for it.

age:
Don't retire—retread.

anesthesia:
The average novel.

anthropology:
Monkey business.

automobile:
Life, liberty and the pursuit of the opposite sex.

bachelor:
A smart showman who keeps his eye on the Exit.

bank:
A clearing house—for the world's greatest love letters.

benediction:
The first look you give your first-born.

boss:
A cross-word puzzle.

brief:
A term used by barristers to describe a 10,000 word document.

chiropodist:
A man who quiets barking dogs.

collision:
When you're not looking.

collusion:
When you are.

comma:
The pause that depresses.

committee:
People who keep minutes and waste hours.

deduction:
A quick way to arrive at the wrong conclusion.

diamond:
Carbon—with many copies.

dictionary:
Words about words.

discipline:
When Junior tells you what to do.

divorce:
Friends to the bitter end.

figure:
You can't always count on it.

flying:
A lesson in elevation—and humility.

Hollywood:
A place where people actually believe what they write about themselves.

label:
Something a woman has on her back—but that shows in her face.

learning:
Something that sits on a man lightly.

literature:
Writing without rhythm is like food without salt.

lungs:
A treasure chest.

mountain:
A device used by a Great Architect to cut man down to size.

nurse:
Starch that doesn't wilt.

patriotism:
To enlist before they insist.

perambulator:
Rich or poor, a royal coach.

perfume:
A lethal weapon in a dropper bottle.

sculpture:
Uncommon clay.

simplicity:
The essence of taste.

spaghetti:
Paste makes waist.

star:
Ham-and-ego.

tolerance:
A rubber band.

toupé:
The head saves face.

vacation:
Wreckreation.

war:
Nature spells it backwards.

watch:
Eternity on your wrist.

X-ray:
Inside information.

yogurt:
The price Americans pay for European culture.

youth:
In a hurry to get nowhere.

zoo:
A stuffy place where wild people put on a show for tame animals.

CHRISTOPHORVS COLVMBVS.

Columbus, on his first voyage, returned to Spain six months and 12 days later. He sighted the New World 33 days out of Cadiz and spent the next three months exploring the territory before sailing eastward again. Columbus' own jaunty, delightful impression of America is documented in a letter on the opposite page.

(Above) A 400-year-old woodcut reproduction of the explorer's portrait, which hangs in the Gioviana Gallery at Lake Como, Italy, is by Tobias Stimmer.

COLUMBUS reports on AMERICA

TO GABRIEL SANCHEZ,
Treasurer to King Ferdinand of Spain

Because my undertakings have attained success, I know that it will be pleasing to you: these I have determined to relate, so that you may be made acquainted with everything done and discovered in this our voyage.

On the thirty-third day after I departed from Cadiz, I came to the Indian sea, where I found many islands inhabited by men without number, of all which I took possession for our most fortunate king, with proclaiming heralds and flying standards, no one objecting.

To the first of these I gave the name of the blessed Saviour [San Salvador], on whose aid relying I had reached this as well as the other islands. But the Indians called it Guanahany. I also renamed each one of the others. For I ordered one island to be called Santa Maria of the Conception [Rum Cay], another Fernandina [Lond Island], another Isabella [Crooked Island], another Juana [Cuba], and so on with the rest.

As soon as we had arrived at that island which I have just now said was called Juana, I proceeded along its coast towards the west for some distance. I found it so large and without perceptible end, that I believed it to be not an island, but the continental country of Cathay, seeing, however, no towns or cities situated on the seacoast, but only some villages and rude farms, with whose inhabitants I was unable to converse, because as soon as they saw us they took flight.

I proceeded further, thinking that I would discover some city or large residences. At length, perceiving that we had gone far enough, that nothing new appeared and that this way was leading us to the north, which I wished to avoid, because it was winter on the land, and it was my intention to go to the south—moreover the winds were becoming violent, I therefore determined that no other plans were practicable.

So, going back, I returned to a certain bay that I had noticed, from which I sent two of our men to the land, that they might find out whether there was a king in this country, or any cities. These men traveled for three days and they found people and houses without number, but they were small and without any government. Therefore they returned.

This island is surrounded by many very safe and wide harbors, not excelled by any others that I have ever seen. Many great and salubrious rivers flow through it. There are also many very high mountains there.

All these islands are very beautiful, and distinguished by various qualities. They are accessible and full of a great variety of trees stretching up to the stars, the leaves of which I believe are never shed, for I saw them as green and flourishing as they are usually in Spain in the month of May. Some of them were blossoming, and some were bearing fruit, some were in other conditions. Each one was thriving in its own way. The nightingale and various other birds without number were singing, in the month of November, when I was exploring them.

There are besides in the said island Juana seven or eight kinds of palm trees, which far excel ours in height and beauty, just as all the other trees, herbs and fruits do. There are also excellent pine trees, vast plains and meadows, a variety of birds, a variety of honey and a variety of metals, excepting iron.

Hispana [Haiti] has beautiful mountains, vast fields, groves, fertile plains, very suitable for planting and cultivating, and for the building of houses.

The convenience of the harbors in this island and the remarkable number of rivers contributing to the healthfulness of man, exceed belief, unless one has seen them. The trees, pasturage, and fruits of this island differ greatly from those of Juana. This Hispana abounds in different kinds of spices, in gold, and in metals.

On this island, indeed, and on all the others which I have seen, and of which I have knowledge, the inhabitants of both sexes go always naked, just as they came into the world, except some of the women, who use a covering of a leaf or some foliage, or a cotton cloth, which they make themselves for that purpose.

All these people lack, as I said above, every kind of iron. They are also without weapons, which indeed are unknown. Nor are they competent to use them, not on account of deformity of body, for they are well formed, but because they are timid and full of fear.

They carry for weapons, however, reeds baked in the sun, on the lower ends of which they fasten some shafts of dried wood rubbed down to a point. Indeed they do not venture to use these always. It frequently happened when I sent two or three of my men to some of the villages, that they might speak with the natives, a compact troop of the Indians would march out, and as soon as they saw our men approaching, they would take flight.

And this was not because any hurt or injury had been inflicted on any one of them, for to everyone whom I visited and with whom I was able to converse, I distributed whatever I had, cloth and many other things, no return being made to me. But they are by nature fearful and timid.

Yet when they perceive that they are safe, putting aside all fear, they are of simple manners and trustworthy, and very liberal with everything they have, refusing no one who asks for anything they may possess and even themselves inviting us to ask for things.

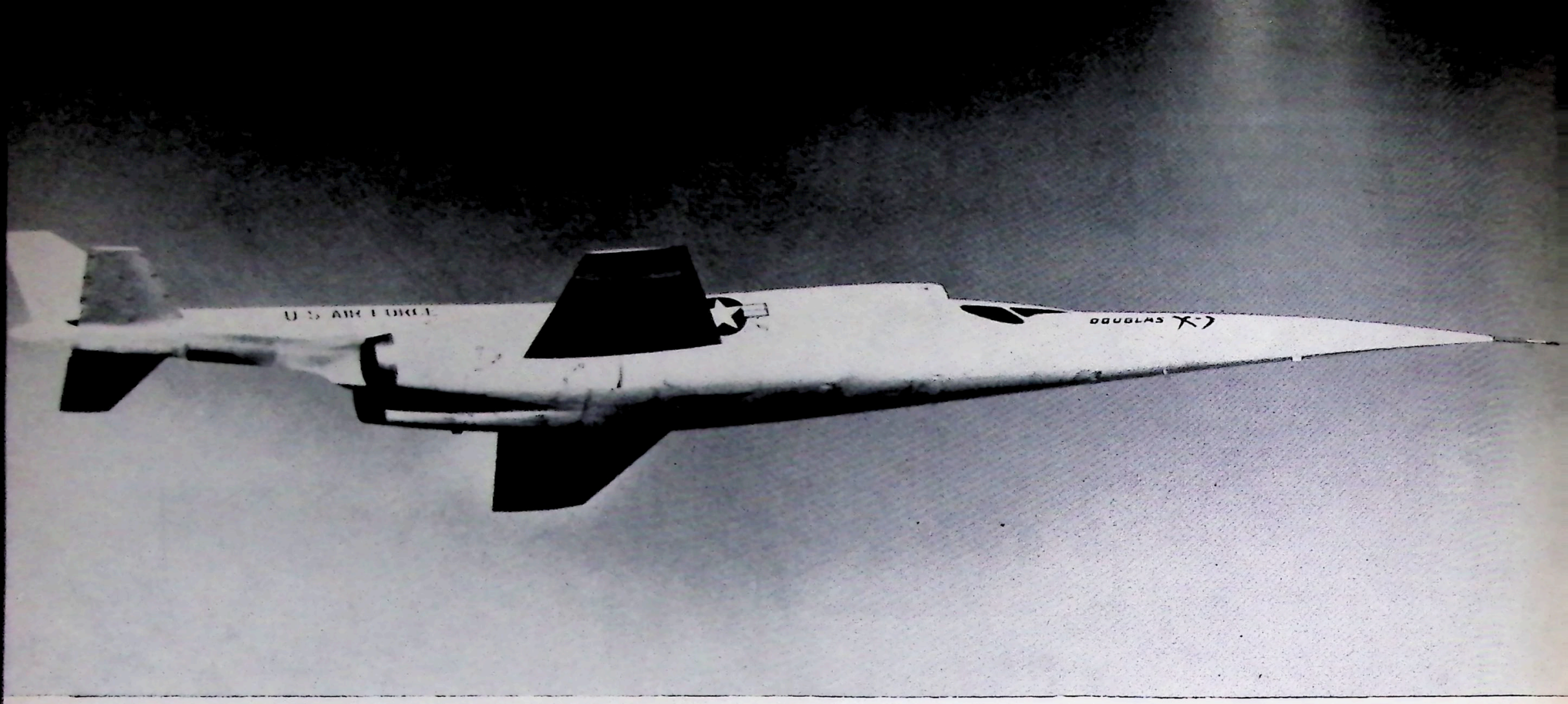
They show greater love for all others than for themselves. They give valuable things for trifles, being satisfied even with a very small return, or with nothing. However, I forbade that things so small and of no value should be given to them, such as pieces of plate, dishes and glass, likewise keys and shoestraps.

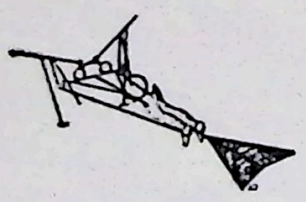
In all these islands there is no difference in the appearance of the people, nor in the manners and language, but all understand each other mutually—a fact that is very important for the end which I suppose to be earnestly desired by our most illustrious king, that is, their conversion to the holy religion of Christ. I can perceive, they are very ready and favorably inclined.

Truly great and wonderful is this, and not corresponding to our merits, but to the holy Christian religion, and to the piety and religion of our sovereigns, because what the human understanding could not attain, the Divine Will has granted to human efforts. For God is wont to listen to his servants who love his precepts, even in impossibilities, as has happened to us on the present occasion, who have attained that which hitherto mortal men have never reached.

These things that have been done are thus briefly related. Farewell. Lisbon, the day before the ides of March [1493].

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
Admiral of the Ocean Fleet





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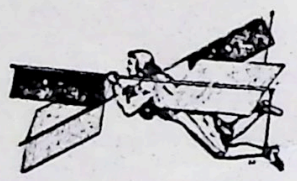

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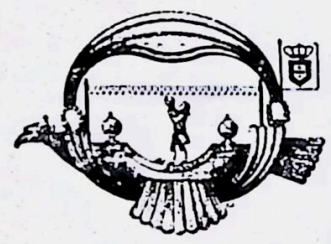
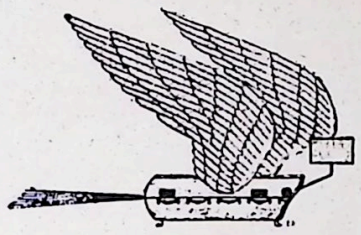


1709

MEN and WINGS

by Blanche Stillson

1763



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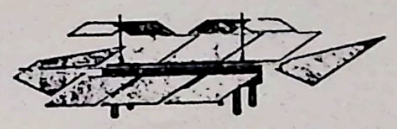


The mysterious and inspiring phenomenon of flight could not fail to impress the human consciousness at an early stage. Its innumerable manifestations, from the gentle undulations of the butterfly to the majestic sweep of the eagle, were constantly about for earth-bound man to observe, yet it was quite beyond the range of his comprehension.

It is no wonder that the organs in which the wondrous faculty resides became for him objects of symbolic import. By their agency it was possible to escape from all the constraints of earthly existence, with a rise into what appeared to be an unrestricted territority, boundless, unobstructed, free.

Aerial chariots that proceeded under their own power were frequently imagined conveyances of legendary kings and heroes, although the means by which they were propelled is not always apparent. The first one on record is a Chinese invention mentioned in the *History of the Ancient Emperors*, which was written in the third century.

It was made by one Ki-kung, who lived long before the rule of the founder of the Shang dynasty, Ch'eng T'ang, 1766-1754 B.C. The Chinese chronicler says of Ki-kung's chariot that it was blown by the west wind as far as Ho-nan, that the emperor ordered its destruction so that it should not become common property and that ten years later when the east wind blew he had another one built in which Ki-kung returned.

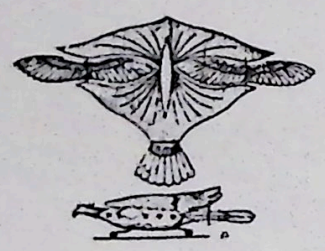
A woodcut of comparatively recent date represents it as a square, open, box-like car moving through clouds and fitted with two wheels that vaguely resemble propellers.

Berthold Laufer, who discusses this and all the other Eastern manifestations of attempts at flight in *The Prehistory of Aviation*, believes that it was powered by a combination of sails and kites and reminds his readers of the experiments made in 1826 by George Pocock, an English schoolmaster, and by several others.

Pocock called his invention a "charvolant, or Kite Carriage" and it was, in fact, a huge kite, with a chair swung below, so controlled by various cords that it would meet the wind at any angle desired. A valorous woman, whose name has not come down to us, was the first to be raised aloft—to a height of a hundred yards—and she expressed herself as greatly pleased with the experience. She liked the easy motion of the swaying kite and the lovely view.

In the great Indian epic, the *Mahabharata*, there is mention of an aerial war chariot provided with wings. And Sanskrit literature abounds in references to flying machines. Laufer concludes that the Indians professed to have had two distinct types of aerial car: one built on the principle of bird flight and another constructed on a system derived from the Greeks. The carefully guarded details of the latter were never divulged.

One more instance of a legendary flying chariot may be mentioned: a "vessel wherein one could traverse the air" was included among the parting gifts showered on the Queen of Sheba by Solomon when her visit to him came to an end. The Coptic text which contains this information does not take up the mechanical details of construction or tell how it was propelled.



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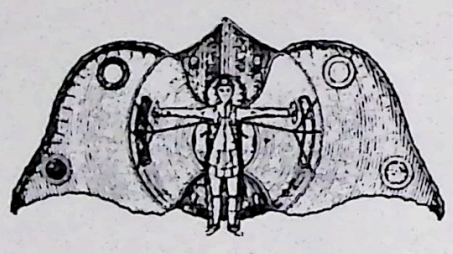

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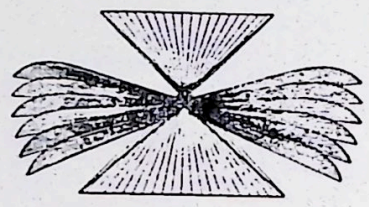


1860

It is again to China that one turns to learn of the first man in recorded history who not only made wings for himself but used them successfully. This was the Emperor Shun, who lived, according to tradition, from 2258-2208 B.C. and who was instructed in the "art of flying like a bird" by the two gifted daughters of the Emperor Yao.

In the commentary to the *Annals of the Bamboo Books* it is related that Shun was commanded by his father and stepmother to plaster a granary and, having done so, found himself trapped on top of it when his hateful parents set fire to it from the bottom. Equal to the emergency, "Shun donned the work clothes of a bird, and flying made his escape." Another tradition has it that he got himself out of the same predicament by spreading out two large reed hats and using them as a sort of parachute.

From Arabic sources comes the story of the Sage of Spain, a Spanish mechanician with the impressive name of Abu'l Qasim Abbas Ibn Firnas, who about A.D. 875 clothed himself with feathers and with the aid of wings flew for some distance. The chronicler of the flight attributed the painful landing that came at the end of it to the failure of the flier to provide himself with a tail.

Since this craftsman gave many proofs of his inventive turn of mind, such as making a model of the heavens with stars and clouds, lightning and thunder, constructing water clocks and manufacturing glass, it is quite credible, in Laufer's opinion, that he might also have made a serious effort to fly.

There was a tenth-century architect of Persia who was confined on the top of a great tower he had built for King Shapur I, the victim of the king's nefarious design to keep others from obtaining his services. He begged for some wood with which to build for his body a protection from the vultures and, with the materials granted, made for himself wings. Helped by the wind, he successfully carried out his plan and reached a hiding place in safety.

There are at least two well-authenticated trials in the twelfth century. One was made by the "Saracen of Constantinople," a brash adventurer who undertook to give an exhibition before the Emperor Comnenus during festivities held in honor of the visiting Sultan. He mounted to the top of a tower in the hippodrome with the intention of flying across the racecourse.

In the words of an eyewitness, quoted by Cousin in his *Histoire De Constantinople*, he stood there "clad in a very long and wide garment of white color braced with rods of willow-wood laid over a framework. The cloth was loosely draped over this frame and he intended to fly like a ship with its sail, hoping that the wind would catch in the folds of the garment."

There was great to-do as he stood waiting for the propitious moment. The crowd was impatient and kept urging him to fly. The Emperor sent word to detain him. The Sultan was torn between fear and hope, but he "remained undisturbed, frequently examined the wind and put the audience off. He often raised his arms, used them like wings and lowered them to catch the wind.

"When the wind appeared to him favorable, he soared like a bird and seemed to fly in the air." Unfortunately his artificial organs of flight could not long sustain him. Perhaps the wind changed. In any case he fell and received injuries that caused his death.

In England, in the early part of the same century, an astrologer and artisan by the name of Oliver of Malmesbury tried to fly. The event as summarized by John Milton in his *History of Britain* is as follows:

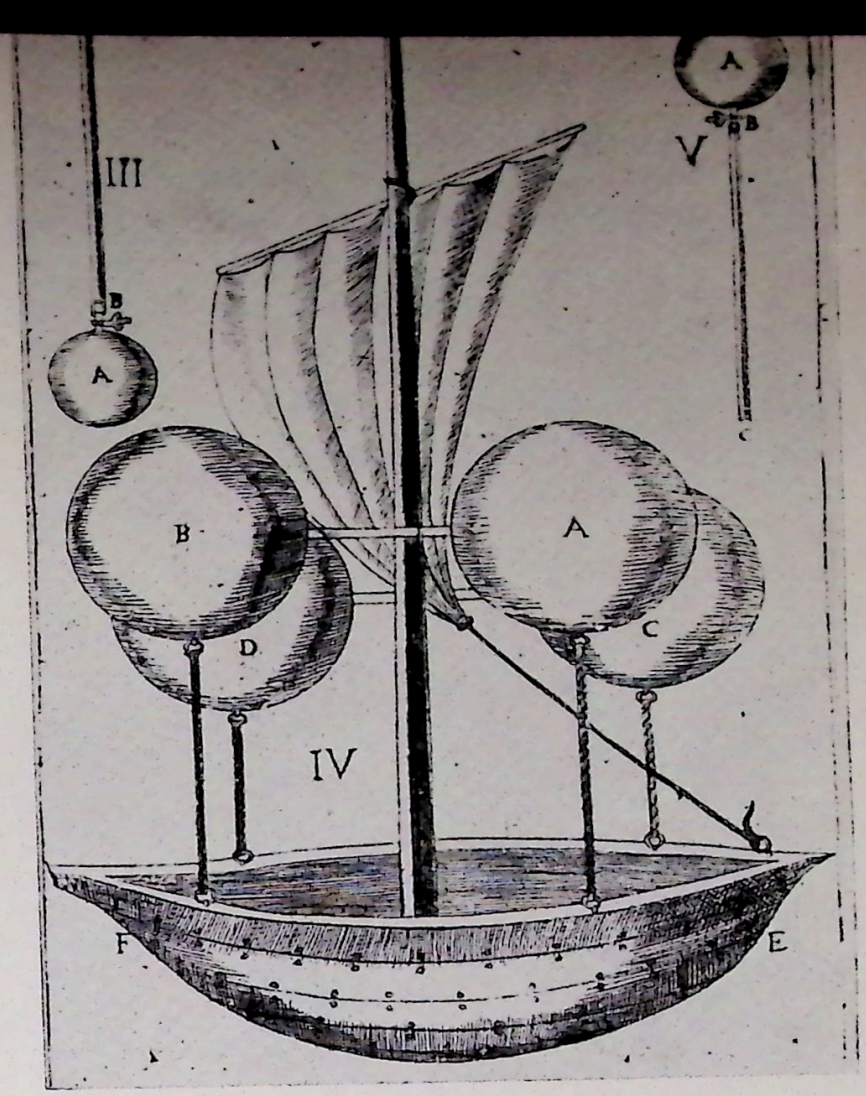
"He in his youth strangely aspiring, had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet; with these on the top of a tower, spread out to gather air, he flew more than a furlong; but the wing being too high, came fluttering down, to the maiming of all his limbs; yet so conceited of his art, that he attributed the cause of his fall to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make to his hinder parts."

As far as can be judged, the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were not air-minded. It is true that Roger Bacon, one of those seers who, though circumscribed by his own time, is able to open up vistas of things to come, toyed with the idea of a flying machine for man, affirming about 1250 that "flying machines can be made in such a way that a man is seated in the midst of the machine, revolving some sort of device by means of which wings artificially composed may beat the air after the fashion of a flying bird."

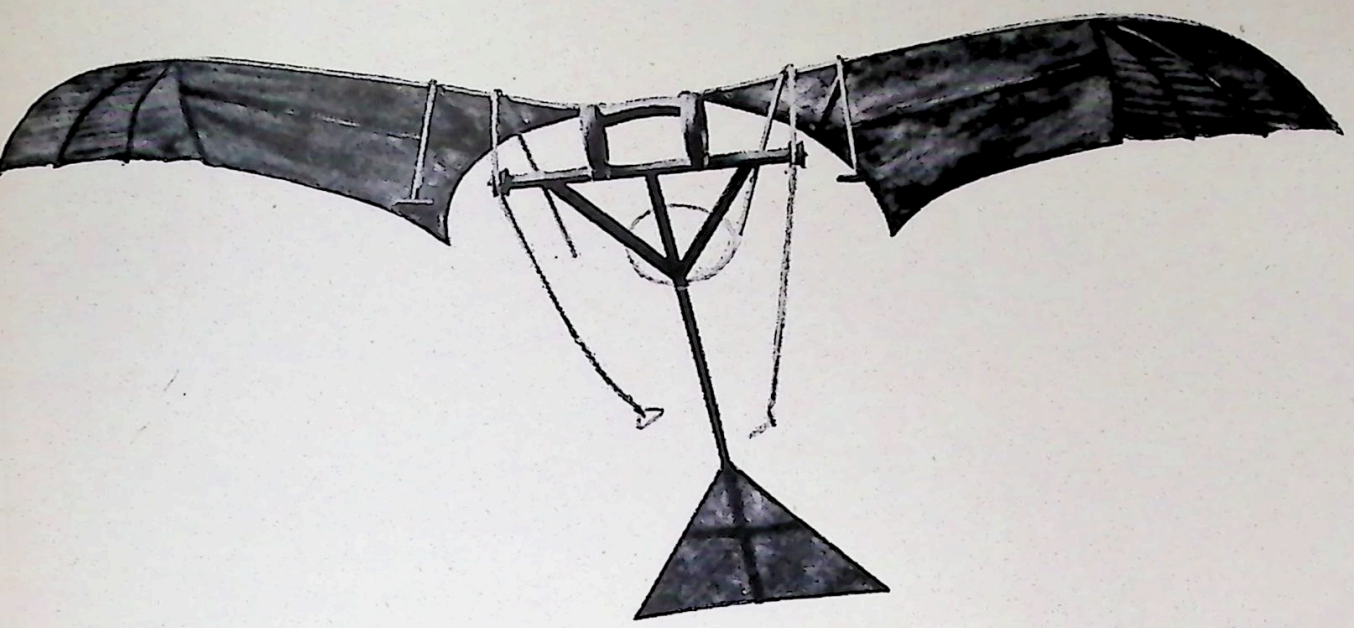
But his suggestions had no effect in his own day. They were not only unknown then but subjected to centuries of neglect.

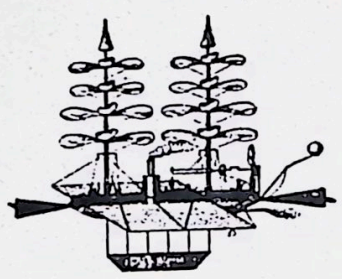
Not until the end of the fifteenth century is the saga of human

Francesco Lana's flying boat, 1670



Model of Leonardo da Vinci's flying machine





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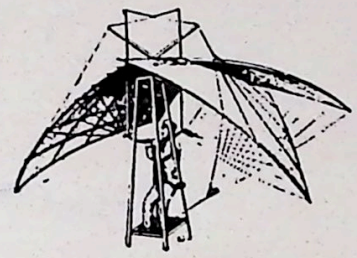

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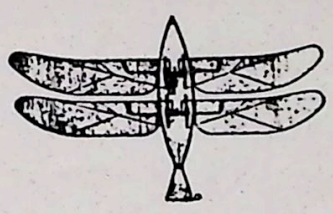
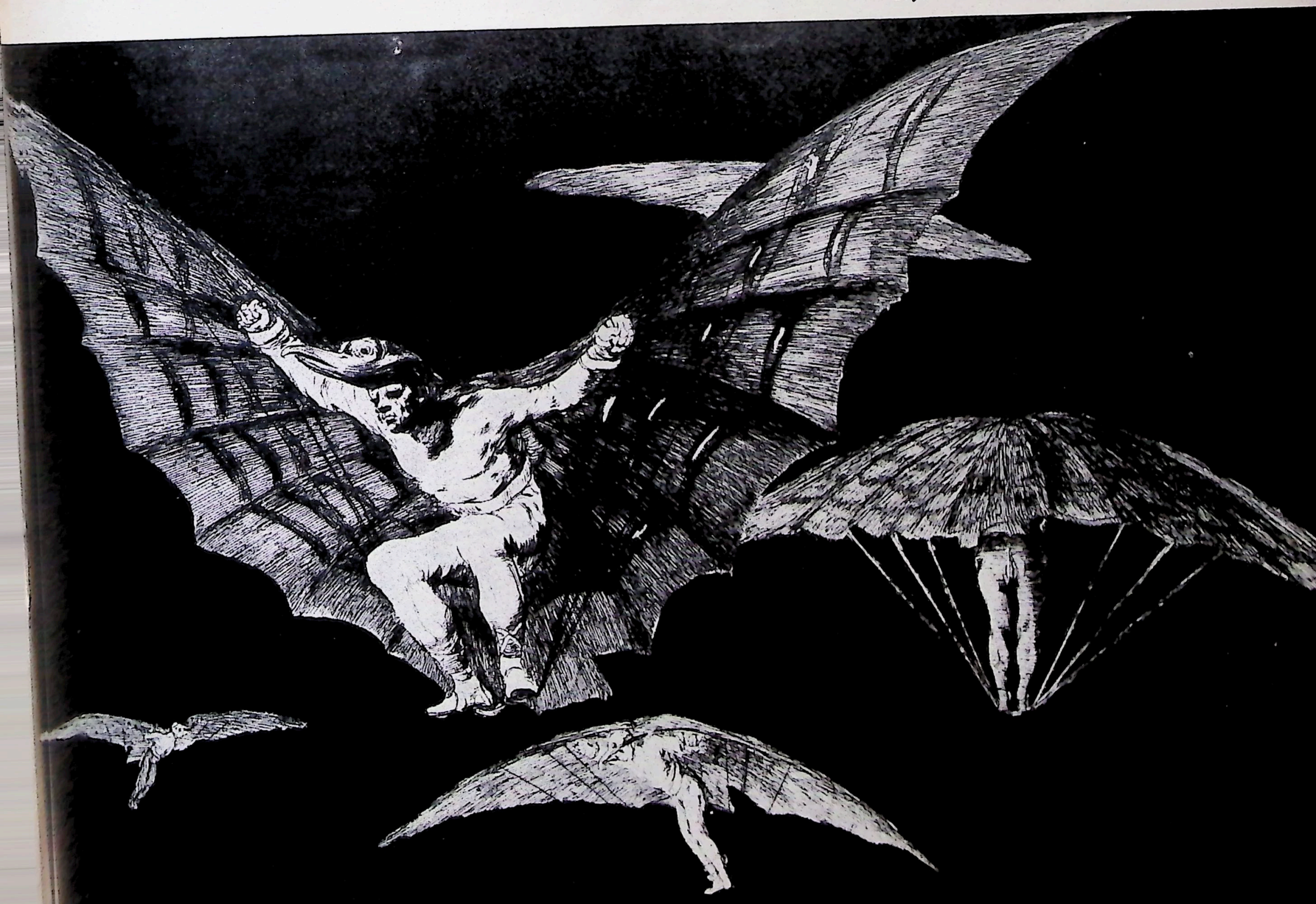
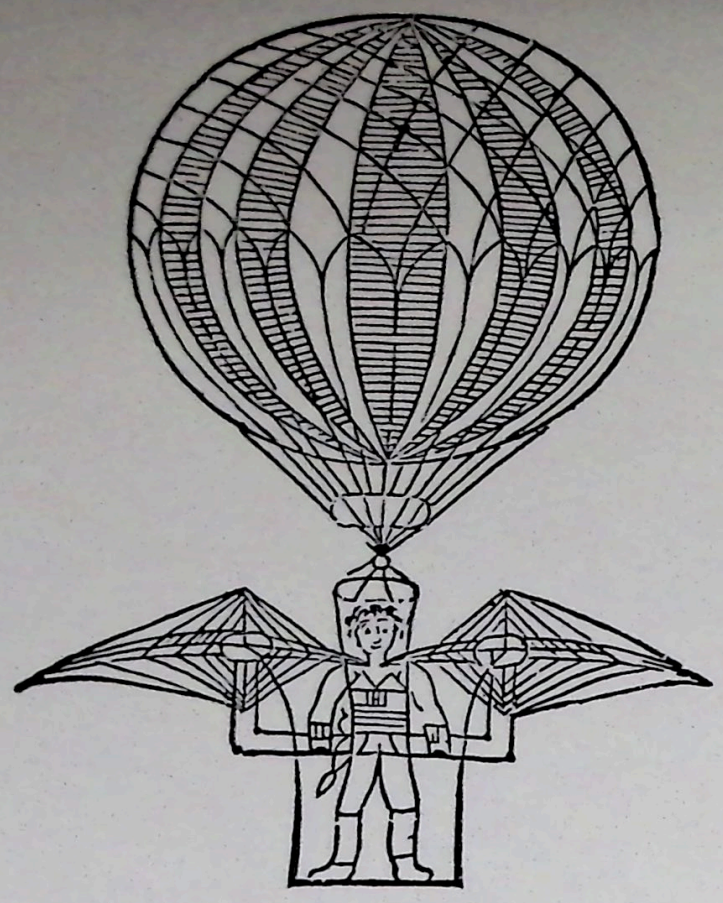


Goya's "The Flying Men from the Proverbs"

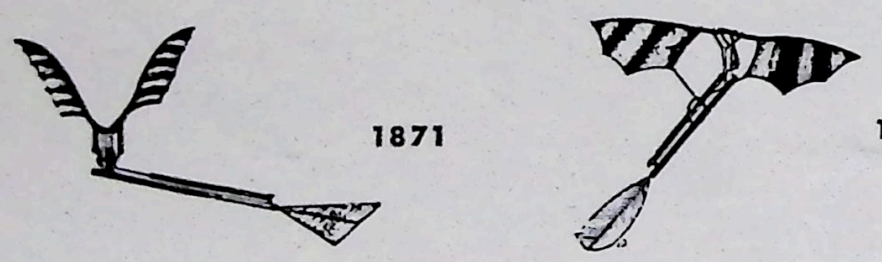


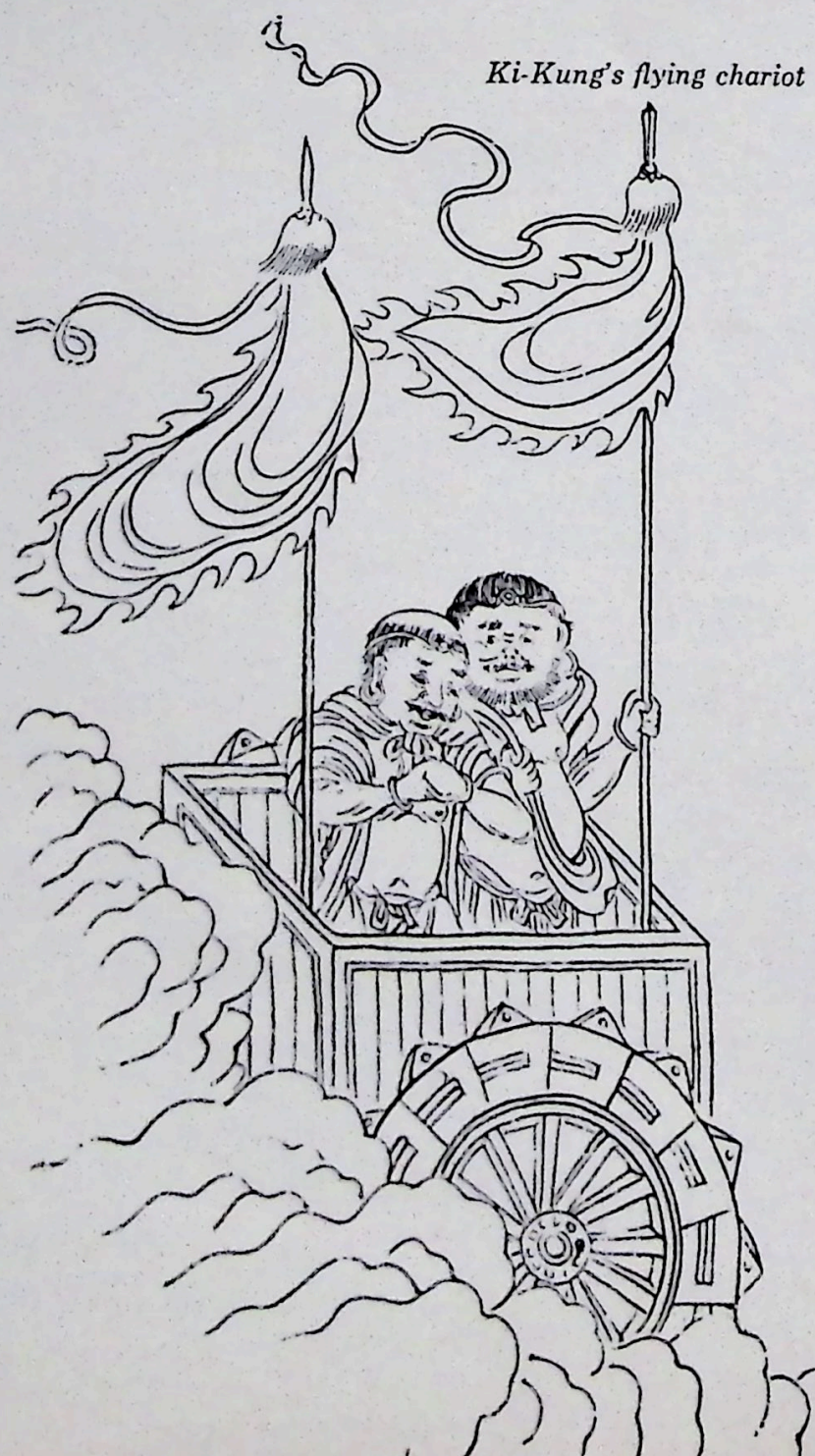


flight resumed by the endeavors of the Italian mathematician, Giovanni Battista Danti of Perugia, who is said to have attempted winged flights over Lake Trasimeno. There is no description of the appliances Danti used, but they were presumably good enough to warrant the continuation of his experiments. However, when he tried to demonstrate his skill in Perugia, taking off from its highest tower, he is said to have sailed across the public square and balanced himself for some time, until the mechanism which controlled the left wing broke and he crash-landed on the roof of a building.

It was with feathered wings that John Damian, in 1507, engaged in a similar venture unsuccessfully. An Italian by birth, Damian had come to Edinburgh by way of France in 1501 and had won the favor of King James IV, by whom he was created Abbot of Tungland. He was court physician, a dabbler in alchemy and evidently a very versatile fellow. Declaring that by flying he could overtake an embassy which was then on its way to France, he prepared his wings and made a takeoff from the top of Stirling Castle.

He ascribed his failure, in which he sustained a broken thigh, to the presence of some hen feathers in his wings, which by their nature were attracted more to the barnyard than to the lofty reaches of the sky. A strange and amusing explanation this was, but it reflected one of the superstitions of the Middle Ages which attributed all sorts of evil consequences to the presence of bird feathers, especially chicken feathers, in pillows and bedding.





Ki-Kung's flying chariot

What a tremendous gulf there was between the methods and mental processes of this adventurer and those of Leonardo da Vinci, his contemporary! There could be no greater contrast than that existing between his confused, offhand improvisation and the enlightened study of bird flight and mechanical devices to duplicate it that were being made by the great Florentine at the same time.

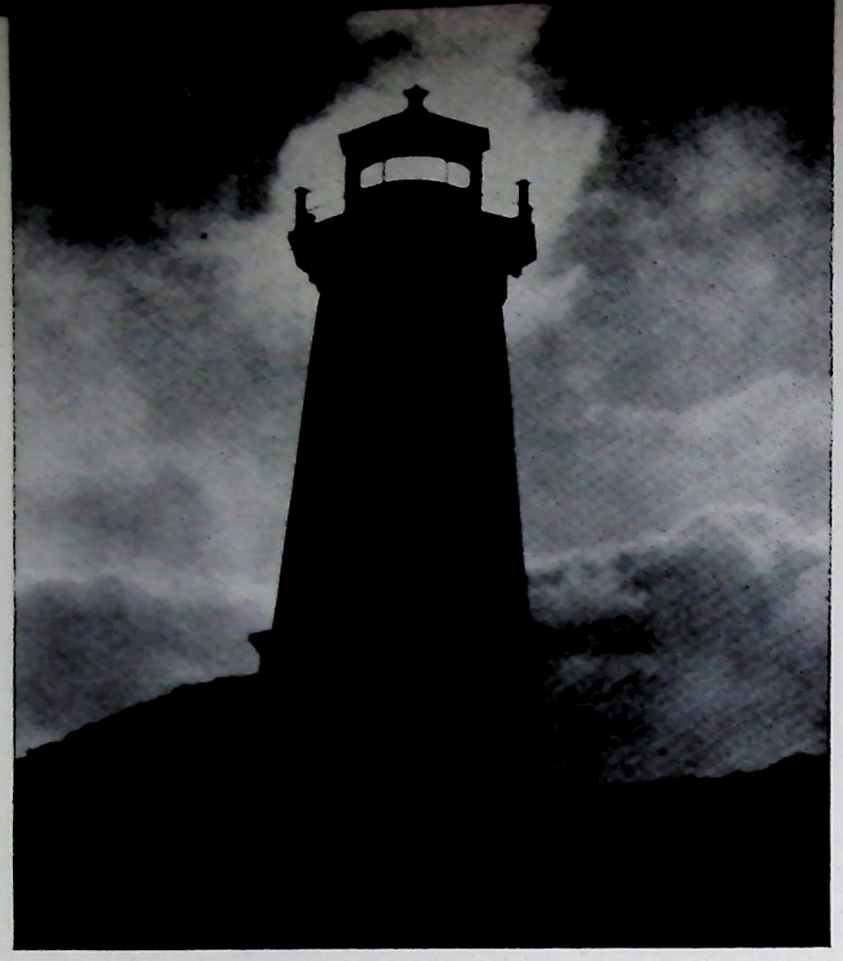
In the ignorance and superstition which so befogged the intellectual outlook of the Middle Ages the idea that human flight was the product of evil forces took root and thrived. Its growth was fostered by such arguments as those advanced by Eusebius in the fourth century, that it was unwise to break the laws of nature and the decrees of Providence.

Human flight was, of course, deemed to be against those laws. It followed naturally enough that anyone who busied himself with the study of mysterious and natural phenomena or the fabrication of strange mechanisms should be put down as a collaborator with satanic forces. He was called wizard, magician, sorcerer. It was in the face of this generally held opinion that the first would-be aeronauts had to fly.

As far as his early trials to do so were concerned, it seemed indeed as if man's ingrained aspiration might be a snare and delusion. All the efforts of mountebanks, artisans, budding scientists and "magicians" alike came to nothing. For another 400 years the endeavors of more enlightened students, more proficient mechanics, were to fail. It really seemed as if there were truth in the conviction generally held and expressed as late as 1783 by William Cowper that if man had been intended to fly, God would have provided him with wings. ♦

1876

The Flying Taoist Saint, an ink drawing of the Ming Period, may have been wearing "flying cloud shoes" made of fish skin which by legend enabled their wearer to walk on water and tread on clouds. The highest ambition of the Taoist hermits—the power of flying skyward—could be attained, they believed, by reducing their body to skeleton weight and by releasing their souls through seclusion in the mountains in close communion with nature. The first Taoist Pope, Chang Tao-ling (A.D. 34-156) is said to have ascended to the heavens with his wife and two favorite disciples.



CANDLES on the CAKE

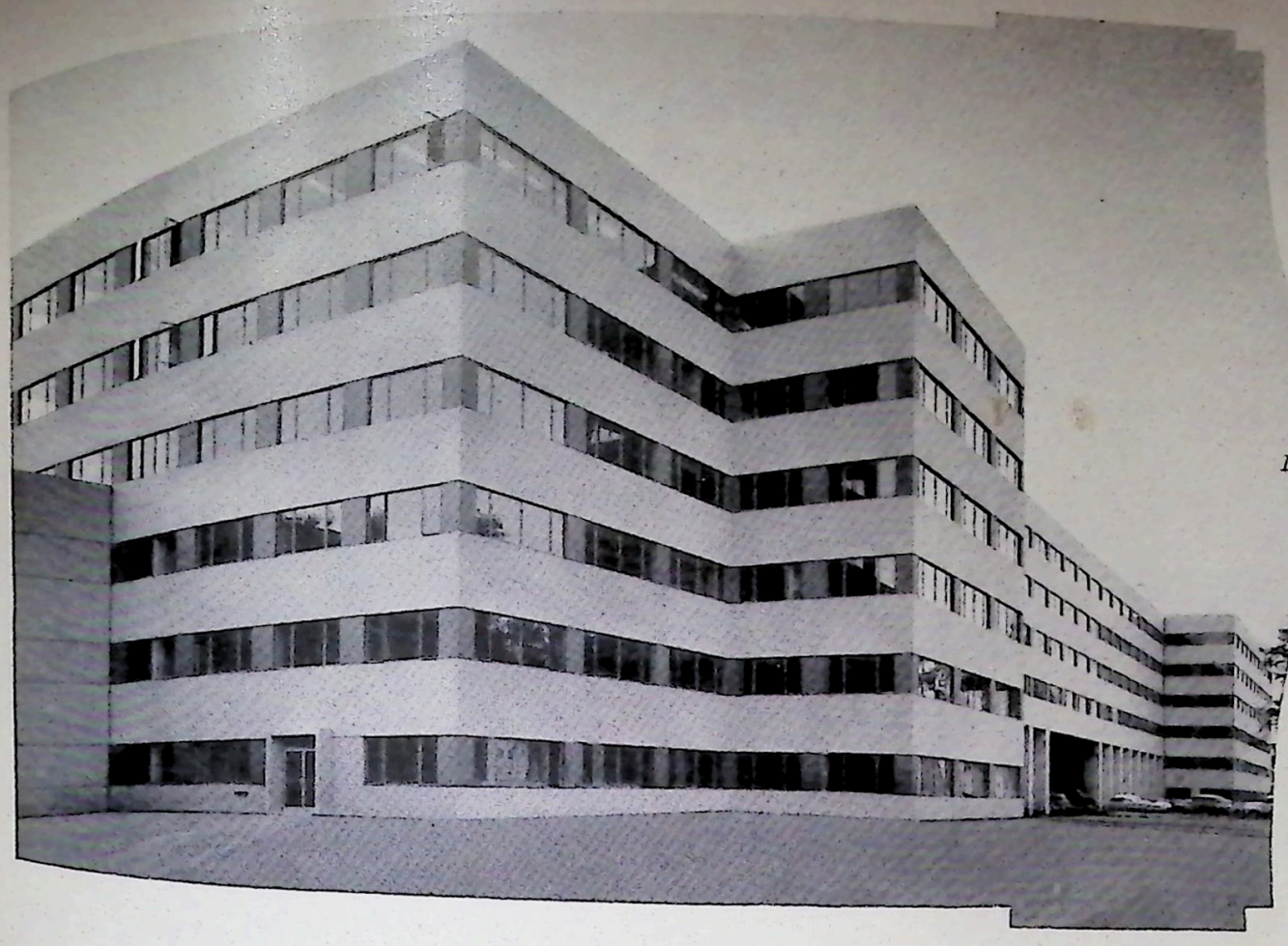
by Hans Christian Adamson

The time may come—and rather soon at that—
—when electronic waves will darken the lanterns on all lighthouses and remove the lightships along our shores;
—when blasting diaphones, tolling bells, and screaming whistles in harbors and in coastal waters will remain silent even in the thickest fog;
—when, in the night, the coast and its surging surf will lie dark and silent but for the lights and sounds that are Nature's own;
—when the stirring, heart-warming, and alluring picture of the keeper and his light will sink below the horizon of human ken.

Gone then will be the sentinels of the sea, the lights—red, white, and green—that now flank our coasts as well as our inland waters. Gone then will be the floating music masters whose hooting, tooting, yowling, howling orchestrations now sound their warning notes in seamen's ears. In place of these faithful guards and guides for men who brave the deep, there will be robots with automatic brains and electronic muscles; a network of pulses and impulses that serve both near and far; that give—without regard to sun or stars, daylight or dark—the information a navigator seeks with respect to his position and obstacles in his path.

But the human thought and touch that flew forth with welcoming beams over placid or roaring seas from keepers of beacons on land or afloat will have gone, and so will the reassuring blasts from their horns in the fog.

Throughout the land, people will recall with heavy-hearted pride the work and valor of those who kept the aids alive, and they will regret their passing. Yet such loss is the cost of progress; it is the price man must pay when he replaces fallible human beings by infallible automatic devices. That time may come—and rather soon at that. You can blow out the candles on the cake, and keep them, too. ♦



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THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the path of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever.

THEIR LAST WORDS

ANAXARCHUS *(pounded to death with pestles)* Pound, pound the pouch containing Anaxarchus; ye pound not Anaxarchus.

STEPHEN F. AUSTIN Texas recognized. Archer told me so. Did you see it in the papers?

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN *(when the wine he had asked for came)* Too bad! too bad! it's too late!

PAUL CEZANNE *(in his delirium repeated the name of the curator of the Aix museum, who had steadfastly refused his pictures)* Pontier. Pontier.

CHARMION *(suicide with her mistress, Cleopatra; asked by the messengers, "is this well done of your Lady, Charmion?")* Extremely well, and as became the descendant of so many kings.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

DARIUS III *(king of Persia)* But Alexander, whose kindness to my mother, my wife and my children I hope the gods will recompense, will doubtless thank you for your humanity to me. Tell him, therefore, in token of acknowledgment, I give him this right hand.

DAMON RUNYON You can keep the things of bronze and stone, and give me one man to remember me just once a year.

SAPPHO For it is not right that in the house of song there be mourning. Such things befit not us.

SOCRATES Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY *(revised these words in "Denis Duval")* And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU moose . . . Indian.

LEO TOLSTOY I do not understand what I have to do.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON *(to Bronson Alcott)* Goodbye, my friend.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN *(his daughter advised him to change his position in bed, that he might breathe more easily)* A dying man can do nothing easy.

MAHATMA GANDHI Oh, God.

HARRY HOPKINS *(writing to Winston Churchill)* Do give my love to Clemmie and Sarah . . .

WILLIAM JAMES It's so good to get home!

THOMAS JEFFERSON Is it the Fourth?

JUDAS I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood.

FRANZ LISZT Tristan.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART *(of his "Requiem")* Did I not tell you that I was writing this for myself?

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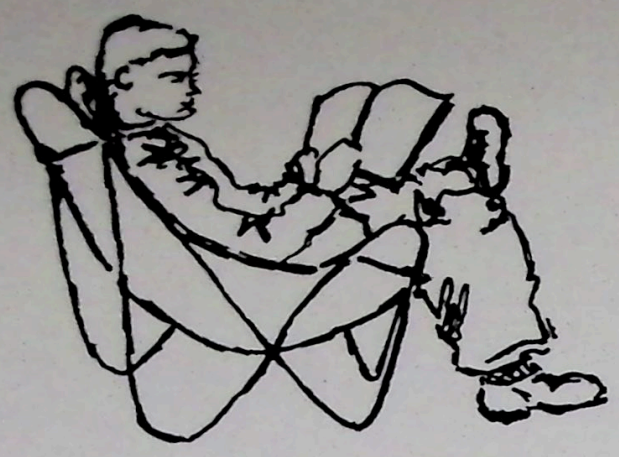

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(continued from page 63)

Parents get a second chance

Love involves more than meticulous application of techniques. It is respect and understanding of the child's individuality and a deep sense of responsibility and desire for his best possible growth. Such love is a measure of the maturity and effectiveness of the parent.

The reproachful attitude of professional people dealing with parents has been another contributing factor to parental insecurity and anxiety. Parents, out of guilt, have taken over this attitude and applied it to themselves. We must recognize clearly that to blame parents for all their children's problems is both an over-simplification and a futile approach.

When parents have an awareness that things have gone wrong, they have already taken the first step towards their second chance. The second step is an understanding of the forces that operate in parent-child relationships and of the needs of the growing child. Crucially important in the interaction between parent and child is the parent's own personality. The mother's motherliness, her capacity to love and care for the infant, influences powerfully the child's development.

But motherliness is *caught* rather than taught. It grows largely out of the mother's early relationship with her parents, but it can be helped or hindered by the emotional support that the mother gets from the father, from her own mother or from other meaningful persons.

The father, for instance, makes his major contribution to the baby's development in infancy largely through his devotion and love to the mother, which replenishes her emotional reserves.

In addition to their conscious feelings and hopes for the child's development, all parents bring to parenthood unconscious attitudes and feelings. These have grown out of their own childhood relationship and cumulative experiences with their parents, siblings and other people in their environment.

The best preparation for parenthood comes from having lived in a family in which parents loved each other and their children and, by their example, set a standard of ethical and social conduct which served as the basis for the child's conscience.

To the degree to which parents did not enjoy such positive relationships, did not resolve their feelings of competition and rivalry with their own parents and siblings and failed to accept comfortably their own sexual roles, they may have greater-than-average difficulties with their own children.

Life itself—time and growth—favor the second chance. Fortunate life events, which are of particular positive significance for the parents or the child, can bring about improvement or recovery. Time and growth may modify parent-child demands on each other, and can result in spontaneous improvement. ♦

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